

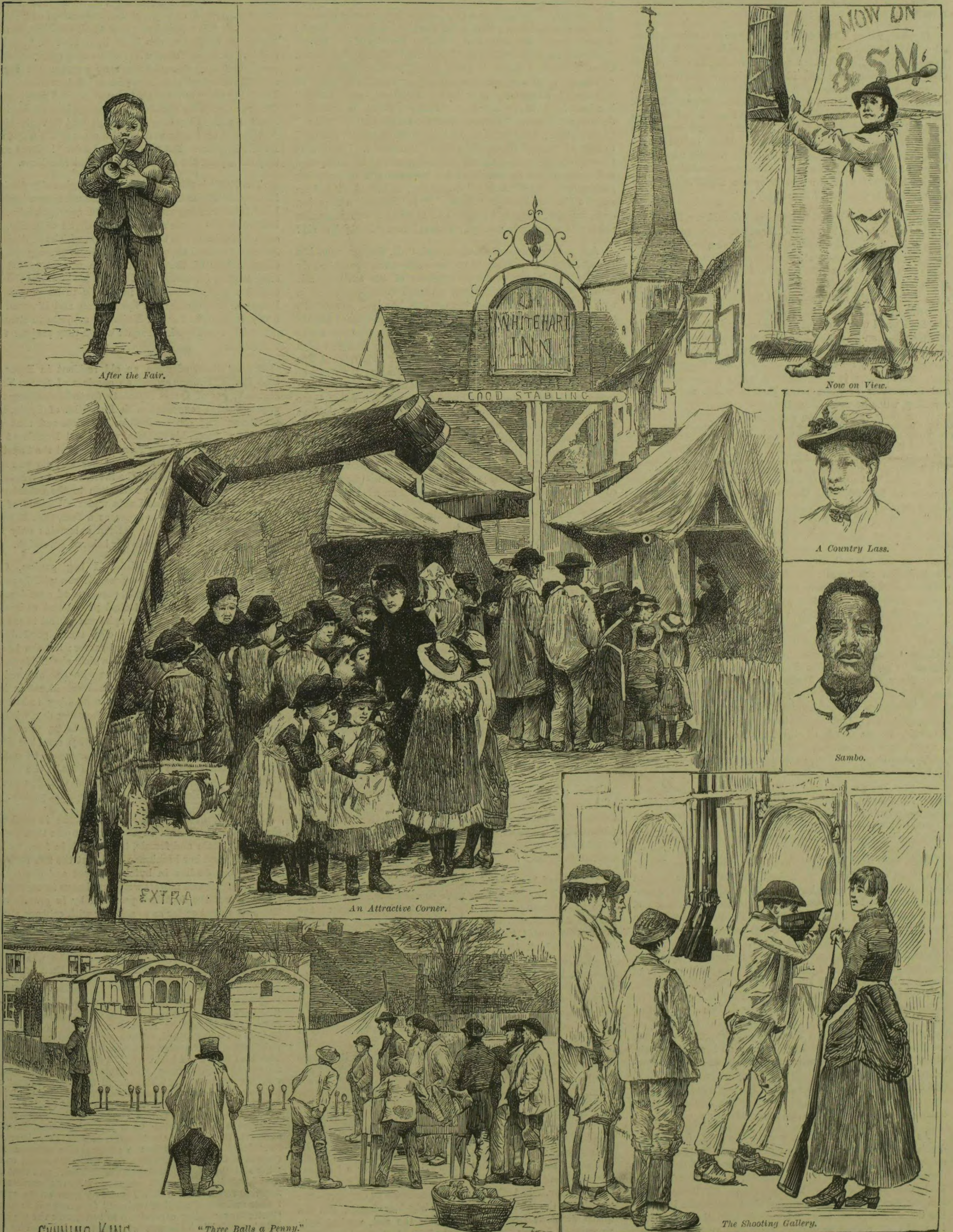
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6¹/₂d.



After the Fair.

Now on View.

A Country Lass.

Sambo.

An Attractive Corner.

"Three Balls a Penny."

The Shooting Gallery.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I know not what kind of weather you may be having in London—when I left the metropolis of Britain three weeks since fog and sleet were contending for the mastery, and the odds were in favour of the fog—but I am selfishly glad to say that the weather in Rome has been, and continues to be, simply delicious. It is that of midwinter in New South Wales, and early spring in the city of Mexico: a sky of unsullied azure—argentiferous blue, mind you, not ultramarine—bright sunshine all day long, a golden moon, and a sunset “with vermilion cheek”; the evenings just cool enough to warn you that it were best to don an overcoat if you feel inclined to take a stroll in the Corso after dinner, and sometimes even sufficiently chilly to warrant your kindling a few logs on the hearth before you go to bed. Health-giving weather, I should say; bracing and invigorating weather, eminently becoming that poetical April which, according to Mr. Thomas Gray, “starts and calls around the sleeping fragrance from the ground.”

Chaucer, whom I have failed to bring with me through the Alps, says something about a vernal season when folk long to go on pilgrimages. I declare that I should, in view of this delightful Roman weather, like to make a pilgrimage *si je savais à quel Saint me vouer*. It should be an English Saint, of course. The Holy See has just affixed to the great door of the Basilica of St. Peter an immensely long list of English Roman Catholic martyrs who perished in England during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Many of these confessors are to be canonised; so that the pilgrim who comes hither a few weeks hence will have an extensive choice of new shrines before him. There will be even a slight *embarras de richesse* in this direction, I should say.

Meanwhile, there would be no harm, I should say, in making a pilgrimage to the Temple of Æsculapius, or to the site thereof, on that island in the Tiber. It is so nice to feel that you are getting Better—that, morning, noon, and night there is in you a feeling of infinite thankfulness that your appetite is returning; that you can sleep without the maleficent aid of narcotics; that the hot fits and cold fits have ceased to agonise you; that your hand no longer shakes; that your eyes are no longer dim and watery; that you no longer feel that you are a nuisance and an encumbrance even to those who have been most tenderly kind to you and patient with you. I quoted Gray just now. Surely the delightful author of the “Elegy” should have been in Rome, just convalescent from a wearisome malady and in weather as glorious as that in which we are now revelling, when he wrote these lines:—

See the Wretch, that long hath tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost
And breathe and walk again;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Forgive me for italicising that penultimate line. With the exception of a visit to St. Peter's—which is *de rigueur*—I have not seen a sight since I have been in Rome this time. Every morning after breakfast I watch the sightseers jocundly setting forth from the Albergo d'Inghilterra to “do the lions” of the Eternal-City. The American contingent, the Anglo-Indian contingent, the Australians who have left the steamers of the Orient line at Naples, the refugees from the Riviera earthquakes,—off they go, in barouches and landaus, or hack victorias, or on foot, with their Murrays or their Baedekers under their arms, bound, these for the Vatican, and these for the Campidoglio; these for the Baths of Caracalla, and these for St. John Lateran or for St. Paul's-without-the-Walls. “*Courez vite; allez à la fête*,” as Béranger sings in the “Vieux Vagabond.” I am not *blasé*, I hope. I have not yet altogether lost the capacity of enjoyment; and I still hope to see all the sights of Rome once more—from the Bambino to the Mamertine Prisons, and from San Pietro, in Montorio, to the Tomb of Cecilia Metella; but, for the moment, “the common sun, the air, the skies” are enough for me. To creep along the Corso, and be jostled into the kennel by the finely-clad Roman ladies, the dandy officers, and the grimy *oziosi* who throng the narrow foot-pavement; to ramble about the Piazza di Spagna, and now and again to go for a solitary drive on the Pincian Hill or in the Borghese Gardens—these are pleasures which, for the nonce, far transcend all the enjoyments of sightseeing.

There were days, and those not by any means far distant ones, when one's “walks in Rome,” whether in fair or foul weather, could not have been accomplished without a considerable amount of discomfort, both to one's olfactory and visual senses, to say nothing of one's limbs; and when a Roman paraphrase of Gay's “Trivia” would have been a work easy of composition. The late ingenious M. Louis Veuillot once favoured the reading world with two remarkable opuscles, intended to establish a contrast between the capital of Napoleon III. and that of Pio Nono, when the latter was King as well as Pontiff. The first of M. Veuillot's comparative urban studies was entitled “Les Odeurs de Paris”; the other was “La Parfum de Rome.” Rome, in the eminent pamphleteer's nostrils, had all the spicy fragrance of Araby the Blest; but naughty Paris smelt, ah! so offensively. What do you say to brimstone, asafetida, and a small but aristocratic house in a back street in Mayfair, with a mews at the back, and a pastrycook's dinner in progress? That was something like the stench of Paris to M. Louis Veuillot's sense—his theological and moral sense, of course.

As a matter of fact, Rome was, in the days of the Papal domination, an excessively dirty and ill-kept city, badly paved, scarcely drained, and swarming with beggars. As regards the cleansing of the city, it may be expedient to mention that in 1871, the year following the occupation of Rome by the Italians, the Municipality spent less than 500,000 lire in sweeping the streets of the city; whereas, in 1886, the expenditure in works of simple sanitation amounted to more than six

millions of lire. It is to be hoped that this significant fact will not escape the attention of the International Statistical Congress which is to meet here in a few days' time. I said last week that the old *habitué* of the enchanting city finds many things changed, and that—to his taste at least—not pleasantly; but it would be idle to deny that from the point of view of “adility” the improvements effected in the capital of Italy have been as continuous as they are astonishing. Some of these days, perhaps, when the Eastern Question has been definitively settled by the relegation of the Grand Turk—beshrew him!—to Asia Minor, the world will rejoice in a clean Constantinople.

I note, in the *World*, that Prince Albert Victor, while at Gibraltar, was the guest, at the Convent, of the Governor, “and occupied the suite of apartments which were used by ‘Bobby’ —, M.P., during his stay last Christmas.” Why “Bobby?” “Bobby” Somebody, M.P., is, no doubt, a very estimable gentleman and sapient legislator; but can anybody tell me how it is that, as a rule, nicknames are only given to persons occupying a position in what is termed “society”? I never heard the author of “Vanity Fair” styled “Billy” Thackeray, nor the author of “Pickwick” “Charley” Dickens. Once, I think, I heard a great living painter spoken of as “Johnny”; but are you familiar with “Josh” Reynolds, or “Tommy” Lawrence, or “Jack” Flaxman, or “Teddy” Landseer? I never heard of “Dicky” Owen, or “Billy” Jenner, or “Charley” Parnell; and yet I have heard of “Joe” Chamberlain; even as, in times long since departed, one used to hear of “Joey” Hume and “Tom” Duncombe. I wish that some sociologist would thresh out this question of nicknames and communicate the result of his researches to an inquiring generation. Why “Bobby” Somebody, M.P.? How did he acquire the sobriquet of “Bobby”? Is “Bobby” a superior, or an inferior, being to Robert; and to what inventive genius did it at first occur to corrupt “Robert” into “Bobby” at all?

All honour to Lieutenant-Colonel P. D. Trotter, who has been writing to the *Times* to protest against what must appear to most people the atrocious cruelties of the turtle-transit trade! Colonel Trotter recently returned from Jamaica in a ship on board which there were over a hundred live turtle, and by the time that the survivors of this unfortunate family of reptiles reached England, they had been four or five weeks absolutely without food of any kind. For the first few days they lay on the decks on their backs, their outstretched fins being trodden upon and bruised by passers by; the shells of some were broken and cut through, exposing the flesh; and in many cases their eyes were knocked out or in. After three days they were lowered by the steam-winch—some of them at that time weighing 300 lb.—in couples, suspended by their fins, and stowed closely on the lower deck. Their deep-drawn sighs, the only remonstrance which they could make, and the appearance of their stomachs, all concave and hollowed out by starvation, were pitiable; and their loss of weight and evil condition would have touched the heart of an Alderman.

Yes; and I should say, not only of an Alderman, but of everyone whose cardinal arrangements are not as hard as the nether millstone. There is nothing of the “sensational” in Colonel Trotter's statement. He merely notes the things which he saw; and he candidly admits that he is not acquainted with the habits of turtle, and is unaware to what extent the horrible treatment of which he was a witness might be prejudicial to their comfort. He will probably by this time have been told by experts that the *reptilia* in question can live for a lengthened period without sustenance, and that they can endure extreme heat without undergoing apparently any inconvenience; but those facts, if facts they be, are surely no justification for turtle having their fins trodden upon, their shells crushed, and their eyes knocked out or in, on shipboard. All these hideous cruelties—inflicted possibly not through deliberate brutality, but in sheer ignorance—would be obviated, as Colonel Trotter very sensibly points out, were the law to insist that the turtle should be slaughtered before embarkation; “when stowed in an ice-house they would arrive in far better condition than now.”

Mem.: The ancients seem to have had a strong but happily only figurative persuasion as to the powers of endurance of Colonel Trotter's protégés. The old Oriental mythologists pictured the earth as resting on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise. What supported the tortoise the mythologists omitted to indicate.

I dined and breakfasted about considerably during a week's stay in Paris; and it is thus with considerable interest that I have read a paragraph in the *World* touching some of the charges at that noted restaurant, Bignon's, in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Some of “Atlas” friends sent him the bill of a dinner of which they had partaken at thé restaurant in question, and in which two lettuces were charged five francs. A Rouen duck was charged twenty-five francs. Of course, in both cases, the eating-house keeper's charges were vastly in excess of the cost price of the article supplied; but, as “Atlas” very sensibly points out, “no objection can be raised when the quality of the food and the cooking are first-rate.” If you are wise, you will apply the principle of the Australian “totalisator” to a bill at a Paris restaurant. Take the repast “all round,” and criticise, not the price of each item, but “the tottle of the whole.”

For example: I breakfasted twice, with a friend, at that very excellent hostelry the “Lyon d'Or,” in the Rue du Helder. On the first occasion we had oysters, with a pint of Haut Barsac; a “turbot à la crème”; an exquisite morsel of *châteaubriand*, with *soufflées* potatoes; two quails, a delicious little salad; a pint of Heidsieck's Dry Monopole; a bottle of “Source Baeloit,” the best drinking-water extant; cheese and coffee;—stay, I had also a cigar: one franc twenty-five—the “tottle of the whole” was only thirty-four francs; and the quails are four francs a piece. For the rest, we had only “portions” for one. Subsequently, I dined, alone, at Durand's,

the Restaurant de la Madeleine. Tolerably good, but very dear. Then at the Café Anglais: dearer than Durand's and not so good. Afterwards at the Maison Dorée. Breakfast. Admirable in every respect and warrantably dear. Finally, at the Café Riche. Respectably good and as respectably moderate. I was afraid to go to Bignon's. 'Twas not the prices that I dreaded, but the company, which (having made inquiries) I deemed would be far “above the likes of me.”

A noble correspondent impetuously demands that I should write a “slashing leader” on a scheme afloat “to do away with the gallant Seventy-ninth Foot, just returning home, and convert this fine Highland regiment into the Third Battalion of Scots Guards.” With pardonable wrath my noble correspondent denounces as past endurance the proposed tinkering with the traditions of a historical regiment. “Why can't they leave well alone?” he hotly asks. Why, indeed? Unfortunately, the writing of “slashing leaders”—if I ever wrote any—is no longer my vocation. Those whom Mr. Matthew Arnold once graphically described as “Young lions roaring for their prey” are now aged, toothless, decrepit, and innocuous creatures, who have been glad to “send in their checks” from the forest wild (where they once roared for their prey) and accept moderate remuneration (in the way of diurnal rations of shin-bone of beef) in travelling menageries. I am very sorry to learn that any misguided people at the War Office or elsewhere should even contemplate the taking of any liberties with the prestige of the gallant Seventy-ninth; and I hope that officiality will see the error of its ways, and leave Donald in peace. But a “slashing leader”! Dear me!—that is quite beyond the scope of my present functions.

The English colony in Rome, although sadly diminished in its permanent numerical strength, has not shown itself behind-hand in concerting measures for an appropriately loyal celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. A slight difficulty, it would seem, has arisen as to the precise form which the Anglo-Roman Jubilee Memorial should assume. Some offering distinctively characteristic of the Italian nation was suggested—a handsome mosaic, for instance. But then his Holiness the Pope has caused a sumptuous work in mosaic to be prepared at the Pontifical manufactory at the Vatican, and it would be manifestly indecorous for her Majesty's subjects in Rome to compete with the Pope in the gift which they propose to offer to the Queen.

A dear friend of mine, an old resident in Rome, tells me that Leo. XIII. is as ardent an admirer of Queen Victoria as Sixtus V. was of Queen Elizabeth (notwithstanding the little unpleasantness connected with Philip II. of Spain, the Duke of Parma, and the Invincible Armada), and that when, as Monsignor Pecci, his Holiness was Papal Nuncio at Brussels he met the Queen and the Prince Consort at the Court of King Leopold I. My friend adds that her Majesty was so pleased with Monsignor Pecci that she invited him to Windsor Castle, and that he accepted the invitation to the extent of dining there; but this statement I note under all kinds of reserves. It is pleasant, however, to know, as a fact, that the venerable and kindly suzerain of the Vatican entertains only the most amicable sentiments towards our beloved Sovereign.

Mademoiselle Louise Michel—I beg pardon, Citoyenne Louise Michel: *la grande citoyenne*, if you will have it so—is a very resolute, plucky female, possessed of considerable book-learning and of greater rhetorical power, and endowed, moreover, with the courage of her opinions. I fail to see that she has done herself, or anybody else, much good during her turbulent and troublous political career; but she has suffered frequently and bitterly for that which she holds to be a just and right cause; and to a woman who has suffered for conscience's sake some meed of pity and consideration is always due. But *la grande citoyenne* has something to learn. What on earth could have prompted her the other day, with a ragged regiment of Anarchists at her skirts, to try to stir up strife in the Halles Centrales at Paris? Why, even her ally, Henri Rochefort, might have had the common-sense to warn Louise that the “Dames de la Halle” are, as a body, the staunchest of Conservatives, and that their political opinions are largely shared by the “Forts de la Halle,” or market-porters.

It was thus into a wasp's nest that the imprudent Louise thrust herself. I read in the Paris papers that the market-folk, both male and female, turned out in force to hoot and jeer Louise and her henchmen, and that the fish and vegetable vendors, the dealers in butcher's meat and poultry, and the sellers of fruit and flowers were unanimous in expressing their dissent from the doctrines preached by *la grande citoyenne*. They even went so far as to pelt her with cabbage stumps, and with eggs the freshness of which was not above suspicion. Ultimately, the valiant but discomfited Mænad was constrained to do the deed which her soul abhorred: namely, to appeal for protection to the detested police; and she was accordingly escorted to the nearest station-house and then sent home in a cab.

I wonder whether there are any people who agree with me that, after the death of an eminent public man, at least fifty years should be allowed to elapse before his private letters were published. Have we gained anything by the publication of the correspondence of Charles Dickens, or of Thomas Carlyle and his wife? Very little, I should say. I note in an English newspaper some extracts from the private correspondence of Mr. Thackeray, from a “selection” recently published in a monthly magazine. The “selection,” it strikes me, stands sorely in need of a little careful editing. It is not very easy to see what public good can arise from the publication of a private letter from Mr. Thackeray, in which he states that he went to Canterbury, where, in a barrack-room, he “drank about” with the officers of a certain regiment (which is distinctly named); that the officers told each other “the stalest and wickedest old Joe Millers,” and that the jolly grey-headed old Majors had no reverence for the beardless ensigns, nor vice versa. Then Mr. Thackeray goes on to speak of a father and son of another regiment (not named) in garrison at Canterbury “being carried up to bed drunk the night before. What a life!” This was written to a lady. Was it worth while to print it?

G. A. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The sudden indisposition of our signally firm, fair, and impartial Speaker on Monday evening has occasioned widespread regret—even among those members who, like Mr. Conybeare, have had the bad taste to impute bias to Mr. Peel, simply because the right hon. gentleman put in force the Closure when it was his bounden-duty to do so, on the motion of Mr. W. H. Smith. With such disorder latent as that which prevailed in the House of Commons at the end of last week, Mr. Chaplin acted seasonably on Monday in giving Mr. Peel the opportunity of vindicating his own impartiality and rebuking Mr. Conybeare for impugning it. The Speaker needed not the sincere tributes of Mr. Smith and Mr. John Morley to his undoubted fairness. The truth is, Mr. Peel appears to be the one man best qualified, mentally and morally, to restore to the House its former efficiency as a legislative (instead of merely time-consuming) chamber. That Mr. Peel may soon feel sufficiently well to resume his seat in the Chair (in which Mr. Leonard Courtney has been a good deputy) must be the wish of every member who has grown to respect and admire the "First Commoner" of the realm.

A hush suitable to the decorous Chamber of Peers prevailed, as usual, on the last day of March, when Earl Cadogan rose to justify and explain the first of the new Irish Land Bills of the Government. The noble Earl had a distinguished audience. The Marquis of Salisbury (leaning back, as if weary of the combined cares of the Premiership and Foreign Secretaryship), Lord Cranbrook (lithe and active at seventy-three as Mr. Gladstone is at seventy-seven), Lord Cross, Lord Ashbourne, and Lord Stanley of Preston were among the Peers on the Treasury bench. Equally attentive listeners were Earl Granville, Lord Derby, Lord Herschell, the Marquis of Ripon, and Lord Kimberley, on the front Opposition bench; whilst several noblemen graced the balconies.

A merciful measure of relief for the past and present, and of hope for the future, to embarrassed Irish peasant-farmers seemed to be the Bill which Earl Cadogan clearly and concisely described in a quiet yet effective Parliamentary style. Citing General Redvers Buller's declaration that remedial measures were necessary to ameliorate the unhappy condition of things in certain parts of Ireland—most unhappy to despondent landlords and despairing tenants alike—his Lordship proceeded to show that the Land Act of 1881 had not altogether mended matters. The amendments called for, Earl Cadogan hoped, would be found in a forthcoming Ministerial Bill—"a large Bill for purchase, or, in other words, for the abolition of dual ownership"—and in the clauses of the measure he then laid before the House. Briefly put, this first Bill provides for the inclusion of Irish leaseholders in the Act of 1881, the operation of which would also extend to "town parks"; it proposes to prevent sudden and harsh eviction by allowing a redemption period of six months, during which defaulting tenants would remain as caretakers, the said half-year dating from the issue of the decree; and it aims to give a helping hand to those unfortunate tenants unable to meet their liabilities owing to circumstances beyond their control by empowering County Court Judges to grant, where it may be justifiable, certificates of insolvency. On the other hand, in any year when a tenant should not be able to pay rent, the landlord would be exempted from rates. If Earl Granville indulged in a little amiable criticism of this promising measure, Lord Salisbury may have been reassured by one thing—the approbation of Lord Dunraven. Happy in their generation, their Lordships on the following day adjourned till the Eighteenth of April for the Easter recess.

Harking back to the Lower House, one found Mr. Henry Labouchere in occupation of the floor, and provoking great hilarity by a designed hit at the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his reference to the antiquity of "Boycotting." The senior member for Northampton boldly accused the Ministry of exaggerating the number of crimes in Ireland; answered the John Bright of to-day out of the mouth of John Bright of old; attacked the "Liberal Unionist" leaders for their alleged apostasy; and altogether, in condemning the new Crimes Prevention Bill, made one of the liveliest and most rousing speeches he has yet made.

Though the artistic character sketches on another page do not include the familiar features of Mr. Labouchere, the long hair of his colleague, Mr. Bradlaugh, will be recognised (certainly by Sir Robert Fowler and Sir John Monckton) in the back view of an Opposition group. The less known heads sketched by the Artist may belong to hon. members destined in the future—

Th' applause of listening senates to command;

but greater interest centres at present in the figure of Mr. Henry Matthews, who was promoted at a bound from the Divorce Court to the Home Secretaryship. The right hon. gentleman, though a duly diligent answerer of questions and an effective debater, has not yet equalled in Parliament the forensic attack he made on Sir Charles Dilke in the Crawford divorce case—an attack which Sir Charles's friends aver he will some day be in a position to repel totally. In parenthesis, I may be allowed to express my earnest hope that the right hon. Baronet may soon be able to do so. His absence is a distinct loss to the House. Portrayed as seated near Mr. Matthews is Sir Henry Holland, than whom the Prime Minister could have chosen no more courteous gentleman to discharge with ability and discretion the onerous duties of Colonial Secretary in a year to be memorable for the Imperial Colonial Conference in London. Hampstead has good reason to be proud of the right hon. Baronet as its representative in the Commons. Of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who sits for the Ecclestone division of Sheffield, and traces his descent from one of the Pilgrim Fathers, it may be said that discursive and rambling though his oracular speeches in Opposition were, the hon. member is more long-headed than some people imagine, and makes, it cannot be denied, at least an ornamental Lord of the Admiralty as, eye-glass fixed, he gazes complacently at the occupants of the front Opposition bench. The complete self-satisfaction of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has apparently filled Lord Randolph Churchill with a desire to re-enter office. The warm eulogium the noble Lord passed on Lord Salisbury on Saturday last was generally construed as a hint that his Lordship was ready to resume his seat on the Treasury bench.

The sitting of the Commons which began at four o'clock on Friday week, and did not close till ten minutes to three on Saturday morning, terminated with a series of dramatic scenes—recalling the evening in 1881 when, on the motion of Mr. Gladstone, some thirty-three Parnellite members were suspended—only, on this occasion, Mr. Gladstone was in active sympathy with the increased body of Irish Home Rulers. Mr. Parnell had moved as an amendment to the Repression of Crimes Bill that the House should resolve itself into a Committee to consider the state of Ireland; arguing that the condition of the country, in the first place, did not warrant this sweeping measure of "cocercion," and asserting that the recommendation of Lord Cowper's Commission had not been adopted in the Land Bill, which he adversely criticised. Mr. T. P. O'Connor moved the adjournment of the debate,

and Mr. Gladstone supported the motion on the grounds that Mr. Parnell's speech had completely "torn to rags" the case of the Government. By a majority of 107—361 to 254—did the Ministry triumph in the division. They gained a majority of 108 in the next division on the adjournment of the House. Closure being applied on the application of Mr. Smith, and sanctioned by another majority of 108, the first reading of the Repression of Crimes Bill was at last secured by Mr. Balfour without further division—Mr. Gladstone and his followers being vehemently cheered by the Parnellites as they filed out of the House, the Home Rulers then following their example. The second reading was fixed for Tuesday.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

It is announced from Berlin that all the members of the Crown Prince's family will, after returning from Ems, pay a visit to the Queen for the celebration of the Jubilee.—Austria will be represented by the Crown Prince Rudolph; but the question whether the Crown Princess will accompany her husband to England on the occasion will depend on her state of health when the festival draws near.

At a meeting of the committee at Maidenhead, on Monday, it was decided to feast the poor of the district, in the principal streets of the town, on June 21. Vehicular traffic through the streets will be suspended, and the tables will be under the control of the tradesmen near whose houses they will be placed. Later in the day, the school-children will be feasted, and athletic sports will be provided.

The Grocers' Company have subscribed £1000 to the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Imperial Institute and the Commercial Museum in the City.

About £10,000 has been collected or promised at Leeds on behalf of the Imperial Institute, the Yorkshire College, the new Fine-Art Gallery, and a popular demonstration. About a third of this sum will go to the Yorkshire College. The Freemasons have in contemplation a united demonstration of that body. At both Ripon and York there are to be special commemorations.

The general committee appointed to consider the best way to celebrate the Jubilee in Gloucester met last week, the Mayor presiding. It was announced that £104 had been promised for the Imperial Institute, £189 for the festival, and £83 for the local memorial. It was the general opinion that these results were not satisfactory, and the advisability of organising a band of canvassers was discussed. It was felt that the Jubilee festival (which it was estimated would require £1000) should be pushed on at once, and also that the public were anxious to know, before giving their subscriptions, what form the local memorial was to take. Four gentlemen were accordingly nominated from the Jubilee committee to meet the committee formed from the Schools of Science and Art and Raikes' Memorial Hall committees to consider the possibility of reducing the Jubilee Institute scheme.

A conference of clergymen and laymen was held last week at St. Mark's, Kennington, under the presidency of the Rev. H. Montgomery, Rural Dean of Kennington, to discuss methods for celebrating the Jubilee. The Rev. Walter Edwards advocated the claims of the Imperial Institute and the Church House, and, after some discussion, a resolution in favour of the Church House scheme was unanimously carried.

Mr. James Willing has presented the town of Brighton with a Jubilee clock-tower, the cost of which is to be 1000 guineas. The panels will contain four large medallion portraits of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Prince and Princess of Wales.

At Plymouth-on Monday—it was determined to celebrate the Jubilee by establishing a science and art gallery and technical schools. Fifteen hundred pounds were contributed in the room, and the Corporation will be asked to provide a suitable site.

The Mayoress of Leamington Spa, as president of the Women's Jubilee Offering Committee, has announced the amount collected in that town to be £123 from 3527 donors.

An offer has been made to the Ince Local Board, on behalf of Mr. Walmesley, Lord of the Manor, of £500 towards a park or recreation-ground on Amberswood-common, in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee.

THE RUSSIAN MURDER PLOTS.

The apprehensions of danger to the life of the Emperor Alexander III. from the abominable conspiracy of the Nihilist assassins have not yet been set at rest. Fresh alarms were excited last week by another attempt to kill the Czar, who was fired at in the Park at Gatchina by an officer, but escaped uninjured, although the pistol was discharged at close quarters. The would-be assassin has since been arrested. It is said that his Majesty, personally, is quite unaffected by fear; hence the conspirators will not attain their object by attempts on his life. The Czar on this point is almost a fatalist. He says, if it be the will of Divine Providence that he should fall the victim of a bullet or a bomb discharged by one of his own subjects, he must submit; but so long as he lives he will continue to devote his life and work to the maintenance of the dignity of Russia. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the Czarina is always anxious for her husband's safety. There have been private examinations of three of the persons arrested in the street, with explosive machines in their hands, on the 13th ult., as the authorities hope to obtain further disclosures respecting the ramifications of the conspiracy. These men are confined in the Schlüsselburg fortress, while the rest of the prisoners are in the citadel of St. Petersburg. At the house of the sister of one of the conspirators a quantity of explosive material and a number of papers were discovered. Two women, one the wife of a General, the other of a doctor, who were compromised to some extent in the murder of the late Czar in 1881, are implicated also in the present plot. Some of the students at the Women's College had large sums of money in their possession when they were arrested. They refuse to give any information to the police. The sketch by a foreign artist which we have engraved this week represents the scene at the chief police office, when one of the men taken into custody was identified as a Nihilist. A number of "tworniks," or door-keepers, of dwelling-houses in the city, have been summoned to look at the prisoner, who stands on a chair, handcuffed and guarded, and whom the witnesses are invited to recognise. Traces of the conspiracy have been discovered at Charkoff, Kieff, Warsaw, Moscow, Odessa, and Novo Tocherkask; and experienced detectives have been sent to those places from St. Petersburg to assist the local authorities in their inquiries and researches. It is stated that a military plot has been discovered in the Caucasus, more than a hundred officers being arrested; the chief of the conspirators was an old officer who has served for more than thirty-five years, and whose breast was covered with decorations. They will be tried by a court-martial at Tiflis, over which Prince Dondukoff Korsakoff will preside. At Cronstadt an attempt has been made against the life of a priest named Sergijeff, who has been preaching against Nihilism. The Russian peasantry everywhere seem to preserve their loyalty to the Czar.

A VILLAGE FAIR.

The social changes of fifty or sixty years past have greatly affected even the rural districts of England; and the "Humours of a Country Fair," which were familiar to the youthful experience of some of our now elderly readers, have become faint in dim personal remembrance or in local tradition. In some instances, the new conditions of agricultural and pastoral occupation have not so much shifted the abodes and altered the habits of the labouring classes as they have in many parts of Great Britain. This institution may still retain its character of a neighbourly gathering, on an appointed popular holiday, the occasion when friends in humble life are sure to meet, and the men and women and children of every hamlet around, if they have a shilling or sixpence to spend, look for some cheap amusement. Apart from over-indulgence in strong drink, to which the men are certainly less inclined than they formerly were, the ordinary entertainments provided at such times are harmless enough in the eyes of the clergy and the magistracy, but lack the higher element of mental recreation, and the elevating influence of spectacles that open a wider sphere of knowledge. An exception to this remark is sometimes afforded by the visit of a travelling menagerie of foreign wild animals; or by one of those superior peep-shows, in boxes mounted on wheels, presenting to curious gazers through the magnifying lens at each round eyelet tolerably effective views of celebrated scenes in remote countries and the grand cities of the world. These instructive exhibitions are deserving of encouragement, as they cannot fail to stimulate the intelligence of youth, and to relieve the dull monotony of rustic existence in the minds of poor people who scarcely know the pleasure of reading books, and who have little opportunity of travelling beyond the adjacent parish. The townsman, being differently situated, would probably despise an apparatus from which, scanty and inartistic though it be, a whole family of country folk, the father and mother along with the youngsters, may derive some share of genuine benefit as well as enjoyment. Dramatic performances, too, which were commonly of the nature of honest and hearty melodrama, used to be put before appreciative audiences in the booth of a strolling theatrical company; and the natural talent of even illiterate actors, playing high tragedy with extemporised language upon themes of pathetic interest, might compensate for a meagre display of stage properties, and for the crude plot of "The Bandits' Cave." Minor diversions—amongst which the tricks of itinerant jugglers or conjurors, the sight of giants, dwarfs, two-headed monsters, and calves with five legs, or persons covered with a prodigious growth of hair or wool, and Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, seldom proved unattractive—were offered to the public at the old-fashioned Village Fair. Singers, fiddlers and fifers, and barrel-organ musicians; ladies in spangled muslin, with tinsel crowns, dancing, or walking upon stilts; buffoons and charlatans of various abilities, with the ubiquitous Punch and Judy, were wont to assemble on the skirts of the village green, where the spire of the parish church looked down with unforbidding serenity in the clear blue sky of a fine Easter Monday. The parson himself would kindly walk through the crowd, and smile benignantly on all that he saw which seemed to him in no wise wrong. There is, indeed, nothing very objectionable in the few simpler forms of amusement which our Artist has delineated; but neither drawing lots for prizes in a raffle, nor bowling at sticks to knock down cocoa-nuts, is the wisest improvement of the occasion; and the childish action of firing a rifle into a tin tube at a target some ten feet distant might well be exchanged for a trial of real marksmanship at a fair range in the open field. These holiday affairs in the country are worthy of better arrangement under the superintendence of a local committee, with the squire or the clergyman at its head; and the resident ladies could perhaps assist in giving a concert of good music, or even in directing a ball for the young people at the close of the day.

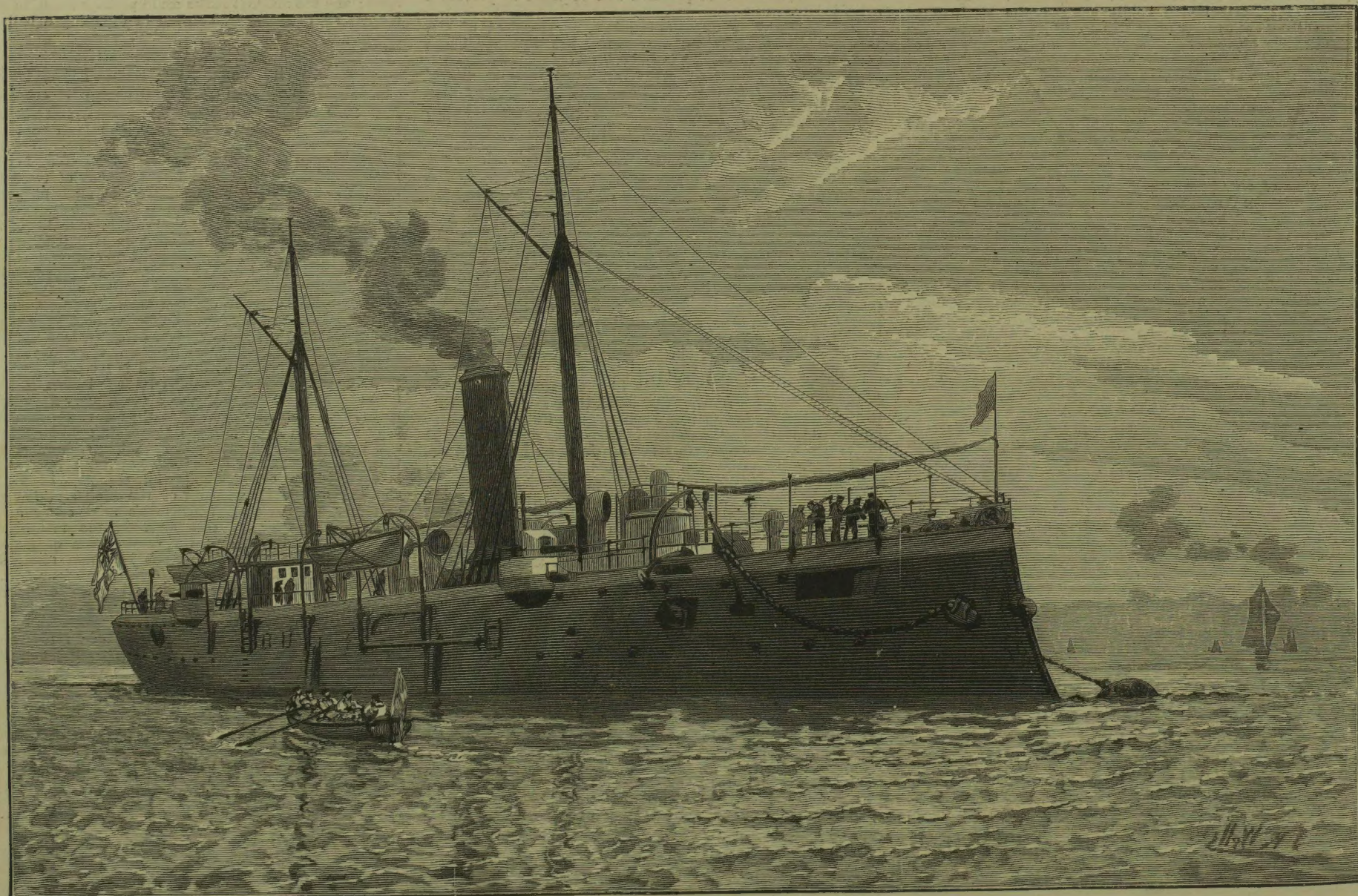
THE TORPEDO CRUISER FEARLESS.

The twin-screw torpedo vessel, of the Scout class, named the Fearless, constructed by the Barrow-in-Furness Shipbuilding Company, was launched there on the 20th ult., and has passed her official trials of speed at Portsmouth with most satisfactory results, the full power developed by her engines being considerably above the requirement of the Admiralty contract. This vessel, built of steel throughout, combining strength with lightness, is in length 220 ft. between the perpendiculars, 34 ft. extreme breadth, and 19 ft. 9 in. in depth of hold. Her displacement is 1430 tons, on a mean draught of 13 ft. 6 in. when completely equipped with armament, coals, and all stores on board. She is propelled by twin-screws, each screw being driven by an independent pair of engines of the collective power of 1600 horses, giving an aggregate indicated horse power of 3200 horses for both pairs of engines. The diameter of the high-pressure cylinders is 26 in., and that of the low pressure 46 in., the length of the stroke being 30 in. The number of revolutions required is 150 per minute on the forced speed. Steam is supplied by four boilers of the Navy type at a pressure of 120 lb. per square inch. Each boiler has three furnaces, with the tubes at the end of the furnaces, and the combustion is accelerated by force-draught from two high-speed fan-engines in each stoke-hole. The slide-valves (Thom's patent) are worked by Joy's valve-gear, an arrangement that is expected to effect a material economy of fuel. The shafting and working parts of the high and low pressure cylinders are made of Whitworth's fluid compressed steel. By the utilisation of cast steel in the manufacture of framings, and by care in the combination of materials, a considerable reduction in weight has been attained. The gun armament of the Fearless consists of four 5-in. B.L.R. guns, mounted on Vavasseur's central pivoted carriages, eight Nordenfeldt, and two Gardner machine-guns. The torpedo armament consists of eleven torpedo-tubes, or air-guns, one fitted in the bow under water, and the others ranged along the upper deck. The gunners, when working the guns, are protected by shields revolving with the carriages, and those working the torpedo-tubes by steel-plating in each torpedo-port. Four air-compressing engines are fitted in the vessel for supplying motive power to the torpedoes, and for ejecting them. Two electric search-lights of 20,000-candle power, supplied by a dynamo, are also to be fitted. The Fearless being unarmoured, her safety as a war cruiser is secured by the engines and boilers, steering arrangements, magazines, and other vital parts being placed below the load water-line in water-tight compartments, with a protective steel deck.

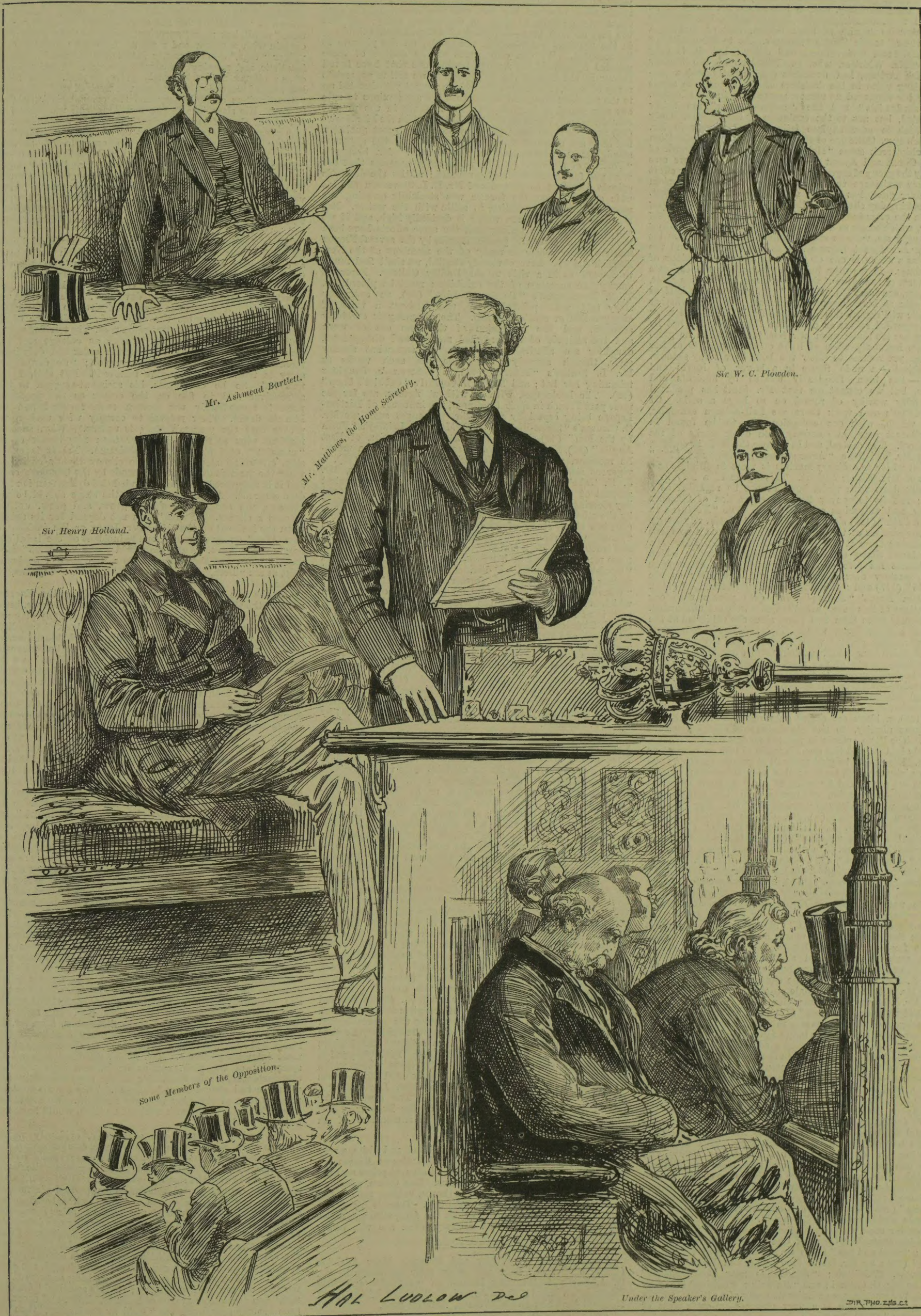
The annual meeting of the Imperial Federation League was held on Thursday week at the Mansion House, Alderman Sir W. M. Arthur presiding. On the motion of Mr. James Service, formerly Premier of Victoria, the report, which recommended the formation of a capital fund giving an income of £1500 a year, was adopted. A further resolution was passed expressing satisfaction that the Government had accepted the proposal to hold in London a conference of the representatives of the self-governing colonies.



ATTEMPTING TO IDENTIFY A RUSSIAN NIHILIST AT THE CHIEF POLICE OFFICE, ST. PETERSBURG.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. BERNHARD BAURCH.



THE NEW TORPEDO CRUISER FEARLESS, CONSTRUCTED AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS.



ART EXHIBITIONS.

The opening of the spring exhibition of the Society of British Artists (Suffolk-street, Pall-mall) was looked forward to with some curiosity, and, to judge from the crowd which rendered the rooms impassable last Saturday, Mr. Whistler has achieved one aim of his ambition, that of making a rival "show" to Sir Coutts Lindsay's. As to the quality of the works, taste and opinion will differ; but it is only just to Mr. Whistler, who, as President of the Society of British Artists, had doubtless (and rightly too) a preponderating voice in the decisions of the council, to admit that he has displayed no narrow sympathies in his selection. The "shadowists" and the "impressionists" are fairly represented, but not to the exclusion of the realists. Only that which is commonplace fails to find favour in Mr. Whistler's eyes. Quite one of the best pictures in the exhibition is the shipwreck scene "Helpless" (146), the joint work of Messrs. Gotch and Ayerst Ingram. To the former we owe probably the group of eager fishermen who are using every effort to convey assistance to the ship which, with mast broken and rudder gone, has drifted upon their rock-bound coast. The breaking day shows the still more helpless crew seeking safety in the cross-trees of the broken masts, and imploring succour, which seems so near, yet so unavailable. The painting of the angry sea, with its stormy yellow water, is the best bit of work Mr. Ayerst Ingram has as yet exhibited, and the picture as a whole is one of the most effective sea-pieces of recent times. If we may judge anything from the estimate artists form of the value of their own work, Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, considers his "Nymph" (137) to be worth half as much again as his colleague's shipwreck. We doubt whether the public will regard this opinion as final. Mr. Stott's work is to be regarded rather as decorative than realistic; but he draws rather too much upon our imagination when he gives his figure leprous patches of light on various parts of her body and yet refuses to allow the body to cast any shadow. The subject—a nude figure in a bower of leaves and flowers—has been frequently treated by ancients and moderns, but we cannot see that Mr. Stott has produced any novelty worthy of record on so large a scale. Of Mr. Whistler's own work there are half-a-dozen examples, all of which, with one exception, are to be found in the south-east room, in company with other works of the same school. The central, and in a sense the most important, work is Mr. Whistler's "Arrangement in Violet and Pink" (157), but which to ordinary mortals is more intelligible as a portrait of Mrs. Walter Sickert. This figure of a lady in a black silk dress with violet bows cannot be regarded as a success; it fails to convey the real expression of Cobden's daughter, and vulgarises a refined face. The "Nocturne in Blue and Gold" (156) shows Mr. Whistler to better advantage, whilst the admirer of the work can allow himself free scope by imagining from it the beauties of Valparaiso Bay. Mr. Aubrey Hunt shows some very interesting works in which he vindicates his love of fresh air and bright atmosphere by his mastery over them, as in "A Grey Day on the Merwade" (177) and "The Milkwomen of Dordrecht" (141). Miss Dora Noyes' "Stone-pickers" (74) proves that our anticipations of this young artist's talents were not unfounded. It is scarcely more than two years since she exhibited at the Institute a girl's figure which displayed much refinement and power. Her present work marks a rapid advance. The group of real country children, doing real work, with truthful surroundings, is one of the most pleasant pictures in the gallery to dwell upon. It is full of rest—although it speaks of hard work—and it is full of light—although one feels how grey and dark the stone-picker's life must be. Mr. Gadsby sends another of his "studies after Millais," entitled "Puss to Tea" (123), a black cat seated on a chair, and submitting, with quiet dignity, to the blandishments of its youthful hostess. The little episode is painted vigorously, the colours are richly laid on, and the scene is made to look as natural as possible. We should be glad to dwell at greater length on the various pictures which make up this very interesting exhibition, but we are forced by want of space to limit ourselves to a mere enumeration of names. In the north-west room we were chiefly attracted by Mr. Hey Davies' "Watercress Gatherers" (9), Mr. Carlton Smith's "Bright Prospects" (13), Mr. L. C. Henley's "Rivals" (23), and Mr. J. Millie Dow's "Spring" (29), a fantastic but delicately-treated allegory. In the north-east room, the same artist's "Windflowers" (71), two pastels by Mr. William Stott; "Summer Moonlight" (62), and "Starry Night" (64), and "Evening on the Buelt" (84), are most noteworthy. In the large room, besides those already mentioned, we must find space to notice Mr. Edwin Ellis's sharp, clear-cut rocks of "Flamborough Head" (100) with their seaworn caves; Mr. Jacob-Hood's "Game and Sett" (103), a very strong portrait in white flannels holding a racket and attended by a sympathetic fox-terrier; Mr. G. Hitchcock's "Waiting" (105), a woman seated on the sand awaiting the arrival of her husband's or lover's boat sailing homeward across the grey sea; Mr. W. L. Picknell's "When the shadows lengthening fall" (106); Mr. Arthur Hill's female single figure "The Signal" (111); Mr. J. Lavery's "Summer-time" (117); M. Th. Roussel's portrait of "Mortimer Mompes" (121), in dress clothes against a pink background and irresolute as to whether he can exert himself so far as to pick up the lady's fan which lies on the floor before him; Mr. Wyke Bayliss's admirable study of the "Tabernacle" (Sakramenthaus) in the Church of St. Lawrence, known as the "White Lady of Nuremberg" (126); Mr. Yeend King's "Lock-gates" (136); Mr. Lance Calkin's "Patchwork" (140), a girl at work on a counterpane; "A Woman's 'No'" (142), Mr. L. C. Henley; "On the Quay" (144), by Mr. Cayley Robinson; and "The Figure-head of the Cupid" (145), by Mr. W. C. Symonds—the interior of a shipwright's shop—the man taking as his model his child, who sits impatiently on its mother's knee. This is a very interesting bit of work, and the artist has boldly and successfully grappled with the difficulties of taste and technique presented by his subject. In the south-east room we noticed "The Market-place at Honfleur" (149), by Mr. A. F. Grace; "Sundown" (163), by Mr. Grove Henry; Mr. Sidney Starr's "Reverie" (168), Mr. Lavery's "Convalescence" (173), and an admirable child-portrait (189) by M. Th. Roussel. In the water-colour room there is no lack of objects of interest and value—for example, "Cannock Chase" (196), by Mr. Bernard Evans; "Sand and Sea" (211), by Mr. T. B. Hardy; "In Glen Finlas" (224), by Mr. David Law; "Loch-an-Eilean" (236), by Mr. J. McCulloch; "Sandbanks near Bournemouth" (241), by Mr. G. Caffieri; and "Hatching Mischief" (251), by Miss E. A. Armstrong, an admirable study of a village lad. In the large room there is a very clever terra-cotta bust of "Bacchante" (268), by Mr. J. Nelson Maclean; and in the north-eastern, two works by Mrs. E. J. Rhodes, "Gladys" (266) and "Helen on the Watch Tower" (264), both of which display delicacy of touch and feeling.

At the Dudley Gallery the English "Impressionists," or, as they term themselves, the "New English Art Club," have opened an exhibition which will attract considerable notice; although the admiration accorded to several of the works will

be in a minor key. This club, or society, which held its first exhibition last year, at the Marlborough Gallery, has since extended its borders, whilst retaining the system of selecting pictures originally borrowed from the French Salon. The result, we are assured, has been that membership of the club constitutes no claim to space on the gallery walls; and that the jury of each year—composed of fifteen artists exhibiting in the previous year—decide, absolutely, on the pictures to be accepted. We can only guess of the calibre of those rejected by some of the strange productions that have found favour in the eyes of the jury. But if we fail to appreciate many of them, it is because we feel we are not yet educated up to the requisite level, and not because we are anxious to rule out any school of English art. For instance, in the present exhibition such works as Mr. P. W. Steer's "On the Pier Head" (96) and "Chatterboxes" (97) may have very great qualities, but they are obscured from our perception by the apparent smudginess or slovenliness of the method. Mr. Sargent's "Portrait of a Lady" (55) in white satin suggests that her arms and face were made of cardboard; whilst the domestic episode described as portraits of Mr. R. L. Stevenson and his wife suggests that the former was stealthily quitting the room, leaving his companion to settle with the waiter. But the ordinary level of the works is decidedly high, and if we can but dismiss the feeling that the same effects have been produced with generally greater success by the several French masters under whom so many of the members of the New English Art Club have obviously studied, we shall find much to reward us in a visit to the Dudley Gallery. Foremost among the successes of the exhibition must be placed Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Battle of Life" (92), an every-day story told with painful truth, and without a trace of exaggeration or sentimentalism. The colouring is carefully subdued, and the expression of the man out of work and the attitude of the resigned mother and disappointed daughter are admirably rendered. In somewhat similar style, though scarcely as forcible, are such works as Mr. L. Suther's "Finery" (65), a fisherman's daughter trimming her hat; and Mr. E. B. Coghill's "Cobbler's Shop" (99). The landscapes, with or without figures, are for the most part French in their treatment, the influence of Bastien-Lepage being especially noticeable. Amongst such are Mr. G. Clausen's "Stone-Pickers" (32), Mr. W. J. Laidley's "Farm by the Fen" (44), Mr. G. L. Little's "Impression of East Anglia" (54), Mr. H. Dalziel's "Sleep" (46), sheep in a moonlit meadow, and Mr. A. Hacker's "Milking-time" (93), a vigorous study of country life. Among the seapieces, Mr. J. H. Tuke's "First Boat In" (70) shows the greatest amount of technical ability, although the eagerness of the boy steering contrasts somewhat with the indifference displayed by the other personages. Mr. J. Henry Davies' "Sea and Sky" (20) is a clever study of grey and blue, Mrs. Annie Ayton's "Boulogne Harbour" (39) renders a night-effect with power and truth, Mr. T. Hope McLachlan's "Orion" (95) is a dark sky piece recalling many of his former works. Mr. T. C. Gotch's "Good-bye" (74) marks a distinct advance towards poetical feeling on this clever artist's former work, and Mr. Bramley's "Weaving a Chain of Grief" (27) has an air of desolation which is in harmony with the widow's heart. We must not omit to notice two Academic studies, "The Reading Girl" (3) by M. Théodore Roussel which scarcely justifies its classic treatment, and Mr. Alex. Harrison's "In Arcady" (78), which is spoilt by the crudeness of its colouring. The other works worthy of notice are M. Chevalier Taylor's "Portrait from Memory" (6), Mr. Emslie's "Wet Weather" (14), Mr. Hartley's "Frolic" (22), Mr. T. F. Goodall's "Bownet" (40), the portraits of "Mortimer Mompes" (50) by M. Th. Roussel, of "Mr. Percy Craft" (64) by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, of a "Girl in White" (69) by Mr. Lavery, and of "Mrs. Charles Burke" (103) by Mr. J. J. Shannon.

The exhibition of the works of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français, now on view at the Goupil Galleries (116, New Bond-street), although not quite equal to the annual displays in the Rue de Sèze, nevertheless contains some very characteristic specimens of our neighbours' skill. Water-colour painting, except amongst amateurs or as the vehicle for "studies," has not until lately been much in favour among French artists of celebrity; and even now it is, for the most part, resorted to by those who supply illustrations to the numerous "éditions de luxe" which issue from the book-publishers. This is especially the case with such artists as E. Detaille, of whose designs for the great work "L'Armée Française" there are some dozen excellent examples. M. Auguste Loustaunau also finds in the French soldier's life materials for some agreeable materials—as, for instance, "Les Loisirs d'un Réserviste" (6). M. Gaston Béthune similarly contributes a number of sketches of Venice and Naples, somewhat weak in colouring, but clever in design; M. François Flameng (not to be confounded with the etcher) sends his designs for an illustrated edition of the works of Victor Hugo; and Mlle. Lemaire, a collection of flower studies, and her illustrations to "L'Abbé Constantin." M. J. G. Vibert, who ranks among the highest French water-colourists, is scarcely adequately represented by "La Fuite" (150), or "Borgne" (153); but, on the other hand, M. Albert Besnard is over-represented by a number of eccentric sketches, which probably entitle him to high rank among the impressionists. It is interesting, however, to note among the exhibitors names which, in previous generations, have attained the highest position in French art—such as Dubuffe, Yon, Harpignies, Gros, Duez, and others—whilst amongst those whose works claim notice on their own merits may be cited the Baroness N. De Rothschild, Olivier De Penne, John Lewis Brown, Maurice Leloir, and Léon L'hermitte. The drawings by Boutel De Monville, who has much of the humour of Mr. Stacy Marks, deserve special notice, as illustrative of an almost singular bias of French talent.

Mr. Guido Schmitt has produced, in black and white, a very successful portrait of her Majesty, which Messrs. Marion are about to reproduce in various forms and sizes, at prices ranging from five shillings to as many guineas. The Queen, who is in profile, is standing in front of the throne, holding the sceptre, and wearing her smaller crown of State. There is dignity as well as repose in the figure; whilst the face, although somewhat young, will recall her Majesty when she was better known to her subjects.

The Duchess of Albany and Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck) have also given their patronage to Mr. G. A. Sala's forthcoming lecture on "Australia and New Zealand," on May 11, at St. James's Hall, in aid of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo-road.

The Duke of Westminster presided on Thursday week, at Grosvenor House, over a distinguished gathering, assembled to present Lieutenant-Colonel Sir E. Y. W. Henderson, former Chief Commissioner of Police in the metropolis, with his portrait, by Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., and a cheque for £1500, as a mark of respect for his private and public character. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Cross, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts addressed the meeting.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Students in the art of writing for the stage would do well to consider carefully the method of building up a dramatic situation, as shown in the new drama, "Held by the Enemy," so successfully produced at the Princess's Theatre. The effects known as "situations" on the stage are, as a rule, not "situations" at all, but mere "surprises," designed to drag down the curtain with a spasm and a start. They are mere cheap and vulgar "tags," often clumsily introduced, almost invariably inartistic, and seemingly produced as an afterthought instead of as a climax to a deliberately prepared plan. Mr. Gillette has studied more closely the dramatic work of such masters of "situation" as old D'Ennery and the comparatively modern Sardou. His situations in the new American war drama are not smart shots from a pop-gun, but they are cumulative and progressive steps in the art of arresting attention and causing excitement. Take as an example of Sardou's power in this technical trade of a dramatist the scene of the "three men" in "Dora" ("Diplomacy"), and the incidents in the Townhall of Brussels in that magnificent drama "Patrie." These are not what modern superficial critics vulgarly and often ignorantly dub "curtains." They are not stray shots at success, but to secure their triumph a whole battery of artillery has been used with deliberate aim and intention.

Look, for instance, at the great scene in "Held by the Enemy," where certain faithful women wish to smuggle a dying man through the enemy's "lines" on the pretence that it is a corpse they are conveying to its burial. Why, this situation contains at least a dozen "curtains" before it is fairly developed. To mention one will suffice. A suspicious surgeon desires to uncover the ambulance and examine the dead body in defiance of the General's orders to let the procession pass. The terrified women indignantly refuse complicity in such an outrage and profanation. They stand by the General's order and defy interference. "Very well," says the surgeon; "no doubt your story is true. I am bound to believe it. But still, I will test it." So he commands his assistant-surgeon to take a revolver and to fire on the corpse as the procession passes! Immediately the women rush forward and beg him to desist. Their refusal to comply with such a test proves that the women's story is untrue. Why, such an incident even as that is stronger than nine-tenths of the "curtains" used for modern melodrama. Yet it is only a step, one small step, towards the climax that is arrived at when the medical examination is made by the General's order, and it is discovered that the wounded and dying man is really dead after all. A good situation for the stage should be progressive, not sudden. It should grow, and grow, until it reaches a climax. "Patrie" does not depend for its success upon the incident of the bellringer Jonas, or the incident of Don Alvas' dying daughter, or the incident of the infuriated hag in the first act. All these would make "curtains" for a modern play; but then "Patrie" is a fine piece of workmanship, as are "Dora," in comedy, and "The Two Orphans," in drama.

In the two great situations of "Held by the Enemy," namely, the Court-martial scene and the Hospital scene, better dramatic workmanship has been shown than in any play produced in London since Boucicault was at his best. A very little more care would have made this a really remarkable drama. A good play, in my opinion, should start boldly and at once with the keynote of dramatic interest. In "Fédora" we are plunged into the dramatic fire of the scene before we know where we are. It is in his second acts that Sardou falls off, and becomes dull, very often. But Mr. Gillette needlessly delays his dramatic action for the sake of interpolated comic scenes that have nothing to do with the story, played by people who are not actors proper in the drama under consideration. I do not say that the play would be better without Mr. Yorke Stephens and Miss Annie Hughes. Quite the contrary. I believe the play is lightened and brightened by them and their excellent acting. But at the same time, "Held by the Enemy" could have been acted with almost as much interest without the erratic newspaper correspondent and the impulsive Miss Susan. It is not strictly fair to say that the situations in this play are "mechanical" and do not require the assistance of clever acting; but it is equally true to assert that the characters played by Miss Alma Murray and Mr. Charles Warner, though absolutely essential, are not very interesting. They are component parts of the general dramatic scheme, but they are not such showy parts as generally fall to the lot of heroes and heroines. Miss Alma Murray plays a character that may be natural, but is not always comprehensible. Heroines generally go through fire and water for the men they love. This particular heroine does as much, if not more, for the man she does not love. Her whole impulse and energy are strained in favour of the man to whom she is betrothed, but one she, on her own confession, could never love. The hero of the play, Colonel Prescott, is perpetually suffering in silence. He is an unfortunate and misrepresented person, who, when a climax comes, is "scored off" by a character quite subordinate to himself in general interest. This, no doubt, is correct and artistic, but plays are not allowed to be built up in this fashion by popular "stars." In spite of these difficulties, however, Mr. Charles Warner and Miss Alma Murray contribute their share, and even more than their share, to the success of this most interesting drama. Mr. E. W. Gardiner gets all the sympathy of the play, spy as he is, and it is a curious circumstance that in the whole of the story there is not one villain or bad character to be found. They are all good, and yet the tone of the play is never maudlin. We had always been told that a melodrama without a villain would be absurd, but here surely is one.

An article appeared the other day, evidently written by a woman, in a popular lady's paper, combating all that I and others had said concerning the disagreeable features of "The Great Felicidad," and protesting that the writer liked to see life on the stage painted as it really is, with all its coarseness, depravity, and selfishness emphasised—in fact, she revelled in villains. She was a realist to the backbone and hated the ideal treatment of any subject, falsely asserting, without an atom of proof, that a dramatic ring was determined to put down any new treatment of stage subjects. I don't know exactly what a "dramatic ring" means; but if it can keep the stage clear of the realistic trash that is the curse of the circulating library; if it can hold at arm's length the clever idea of "calling a spade a spade," and praising as natural that which is diseased and unhealthy; if this so-called "dramatic ring" can check the advance of bastard Zolaism and encourage such healthy pure dramas as "Held by the Enemy," then may there be more power to the elbow of "dramatic rings"! From the apotheosis of meanness we arise ill-disposed towards our fellow-creatures; from the pictures of faith and purity we go from the theatre healthier and stronger. I should be sorry for the woman who would prefer the exposition of evil as contained in modern stockbroking life, with its beatification of divorce, to the glowing passages of honour and trust and chivalry as contained in "Held by the Enemy." C. S.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Thursday week "Faust" was repeated, with the second appearance of Signor Caylus in the title-character, and a repetition of the success of Mdle. Nordica as Margherita, the cast having been strengthened by the transference of the part of Siebel to Mdle. Hastreiter.

On Saturday evening, Auber's bright and ever fresh "Fra Diavolo" was performed for the second time this season, and with increased effect. Mdle. Fohstrom as Zerlina fully sustained the good impression previously made by her in that part. Signor Ravelli, in the title-character, again proved that the exceptional demands made on him ever since the opening of the season have not exhausted his strength; Signor Ciampi, as Lord Koburg, somewhat modified his extravagant caricature of the travelling Englishman; and other details were as before.

On Monday "La Traviata" was repeated, with the transference of the part of the elder Germont to M. Lhérie, and of that of Alfredo to Signor Caylus. The first-named gentleman gave his music impressively, and acted with genuine earnestness—the other artist somewhat improved on the impression previously made by him, but has yet to display qualities adequate to the demands of serious opera. As before, Mdle. Nordica, as Violetta, sang with alternate brilliancy and pathos, her delivery of the scena "Ah! fors'è lui," having been particularly successful. Other features of the cast call for no mention. Signor Loghedeer has continued to fulfil the office of conductor with ability. Of the remaining proceedings of the week we must speak hereafter.

As we have already stated, Mr. Augustus Harris will begin a season of grand Italian opera performances at Drury-Lane Theatre in June, for which he has made important engagements. The conductor will be Signor Mancinelli (of Madrid), an oratorio by whom ("Isaiah") is promised for this year's Norwich Festival.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have closed their twenty-ninth season with the thousandth performance. In order to reach this number an extra concert was given on Friday afternoon, when the programme was chiefly derived from Beethoven, his "Kreutzer" sonata for pianoforte and violin—admirably played by Madame Schumann and Dr. Joachim—having been a special feature. Mr. Shakespeare was the vocalist. The last afternoon performance, on Saturday, included Spohr's double quartet in E minor, led by Dr. Joachim; and a concerto by Bach, for two violins, played by the last-named artist and Madame Norman-Néruda. Mr. Charles Hallé was the solo pianist, and Mr. Santley the vocalist. The one-thousandth concert, last Monday evening, offered a programme of special interest, including the co-operation of Dr. Joachim, Madame Schumann, Madame Norman-Néruda, Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Herr Straus, Mr. L. Ries, and Signor Piatti, as instrumentalists; and Miss L. Lehmann and Mr. Santley, as vocalists. The selection was of sterling value—although consisting of more or less familiar materials—and it scarcely need be said that the performances were worthy of the executants and the occasion. After the concert, an address was made by Mr. Bartle Frere, and a gold watch was presented, by Lady Revelstoke, to Mr. Arthur Chappell, the Director under whose active and intelligent management these concerts have long since attained a triumphant success, fully deserved by the wholesome and widespread influence which they have exercised in sound musical taste in this country, bringing the works of the great masters and the best performers of the day before audiences of various grades, including large numbers of shilling visitors. Mr. Chappell made a graceful and unostentatious speech in acknowledgment of the compliment paid to him. This presentation is irrespective of the proposed testimonial, the subscriptions towards which are still in progress. The Monday Popular Concerts will enter on their thirtieth season on Oct. 24.

The first of a new series of three concerts by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir took place at St. James's Hall last week, when fine old madrigals by Morley, Festa, Gibbons, and Benet, and Mendelssohn's Forty-third Psalm were sung by the chorists, with that excellent ensemble and observance of light and shade for which this admirable choir has long been distinguished. Specimens of the more modern school were offered in madrigals by Pearsall, T. A. Walmisley, and Henry Leslie, and the latter's effective part-song "Homeward." A well-written motet, "Surge Illuminare," by G. F. Cobb, was a specialty in the programme. It is a good piece of choral composition, by a gentleman who was until recently president of the Cambridge University Musical Society. The concert now referred to also included vocal solos, excellently rendered by Mdle. A. Trebelli and Mr. Santley; and skilful pianoforte and violin performances, respectively, by Miss Fanny Davies and Dr. Joachim. Mr. Leslie conducted.

Novello's Oratorio Concerts finished their second season last week with a very fine performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," the second of the great oratorios produced by this composer. The work has been so fully noticed by us—in reference to its first hearing at the Birmingham Festival of 1885, and subsequent repetitions in London—that fresh comment on its merits would be superfluous, these being now generally and widely known and appreciated. In last week's rendering, three of the solo vocalists—Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley—were the same as at Birmingham, the soprano solo music having been allotted to Mdle. Trebelli, whose success was so great as to promise her a prosperous career as an oratorio singer. The chorus-singing at the concert now referred to was of a very high order, the orchestral details having also been adequately rendered. The performance altogether, conducted by Dr. Mackenzie, was highly satisfactory.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' orchestral concert at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when a specialty in the programme was Graun's "Tod Jesu," a work that was first produced at Berlin in 1755, and has continued to be frequently performed in Germany, but is comparatively unknown in this country. The choral portions are by far the finest, these being, in some instances, scholarly in structure and grand in effect. The performances of the academy students—solo and choral—in the "Tod Jesu," and in other instances at last week's concert, gave satisfactory proof of the good training pursued at the establishment—as also did the solo pianoforte playing of Misses E. Sellar and A. Horrocks, and Mr. A. H. Fox; and the violin performance of Mr. E. O'Brien. Mr. Barnby, the recently-appointed conductor, fulfilled his office with his well-known ability.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann's pianoforte recital—at Prince's Hall, on Thursday week—manifested her sound classical taste in the selection of her programme, and her artistic skill in its performance.

The eighteenth of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace included the performance of a new orchestral suite, composed by Mr. F. Corder, in illustration of scenes from "The Tempest." The various movements of which the piece consists include some bright and characteristic writing, and some varied orchestral effects. We

shall, doubtless, soon have to speak of it again in reference to its repeated performance. Mozart's concertante for oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon (performed at a recent Philharmonic concert) was included in Saturday's programme, which also comprised vocal solos by Mdle. Trebelli, and other familiar items.

For Good Friday a performance of "The Messiah" was announced by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby—sacred concerts having also been organised at the Crystal Palace, St. James's Hall, the Albert Palace, and the Japanese Village—where artists of the Royal Italian Opera were engaged, these being also promised there this (Saturday) afternoon, and at a concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Easter Monday.

The second performance, at Berlin, of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend" (last Saturday), was a success that compensated for the small effect produced on the first occasion, when the soprano solo music was not rendered by Madame Albani, whose co-operation afterwards was a special feature, as it had been in the English renderings of the work.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Cannes at ten a.m. yesterday week, and was received at the railway station by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales, the Prefect of the Department, the Mayor of Cannes, the British Consul at Nice, and the Vice-Consul at Cannes. Her Majesty was enthusiastically greeted while driving to the Villa Edelweiss, where she was received by Sir John Savile Lumley, in the absence, through illness, of Mr. Augustus Savile. The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales visited the Queen. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Lady Southampton, drove in the afternoon along the Antibes-road. A squadron, consisting of her Majesty's ships Dreadnought, Colossus, Thunderer, and Agamemnon, under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh, is anchored in the bay in honour of the Queen's visit. The Prefect and Sub-Prefect of the Department of Alpes Maritimes, as well as the British Vice-Consul at Cannes, paid official visits to the Duke on board the Dreadnought. Last Saturday morning the Queen paid a visit to the Church of St. George, erected in memory of the Duke of Albany. She was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and was received by the Bishop of Gibraltar, the Rev. Mr. Bedford, the Incumbent, and the churchwardens, to whom her Majesty was pleased to express her satisfaction with the design and execution of the work. She also informed them that a recumbent figure of the Duke of Albany would be placed in the side chapel called after him, and it only remains now to put in stained-glass windows. The Queen returned to the church at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, when the weather was as bright as on Saturday it had been gloomy, to attend an extra service which had been arranged for that hour, and as she had been graciously pleased to intimate that she did not desire it to be held with closed doors, most of those residing at the Hôtel de la Californie and the adjoining villas were present. The Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with their suite, sat in the Albany chapel, and, after the second lesson for the day and the Litany had been read by Mr. Bedford, the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Gibraltar. The Queen was received on leaving, as upon entering, by Mr. Grant Morris, churchwarden, and the Chevalier de Colquhoun, who, at the request of the Prince of Wales, had accepted the chairmanship of the building committee. The Queen has already granted an audience to the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Taylor and to the Mayor of Cannes. The Queen paid a visit last Saturday to Mr. Augustus Savile, the owner of the Villa Edelweiss, who is lying dangerously ill at the Villa Mezzomonte, conversing with him for several minutes. In the afternoon her Majesty received the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, the Duc de Chartres, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Marquis of Villafranca, and their wives, as well as the officers commanding the French ironclads.—On Monday morning the Queen received the Prefect of Cannes and the General in command of the Nice division; and in the afternoon visited the Vallée du Cannet, returning to Cannes in the evening. Her Majesty has made gifts to the poor, the firemen, the police, and the gendarmes of the town. Her Majesty left Cannes on Tuesday.—The Queen has sent a cheque for £100 to the Queen's Hospital at Birmingham.—Prince Alexander, the infant son of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, has been indisposed since the departure of his parents for Cannes, and his condition occasioned much anxiety for a time.

Yesterday week the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the studio of Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., in Grove End-road; and on Saturday last they visited the studios of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., in Holland Park-road. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by their three daughters, were present at Divine service. The Duke of Cambridge visited them, and remained to luncheon. On Monday their Royal Highnesses visited the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk-street, where they were received by the president, Mr. McNeil Whistler, and the council. They afterwards visited the studio of Mr. H. Herkomer, R.A., in Ebury-street. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, went to Sandringham for the Easter recess. As Treasurer of the Middle Temple, the Prince has accepted the invitation of the Benchers of the Inner Temple to dine with them on the occasion of "Grand Day" in Easter Term.—It is announced in the *Gazette* that his Royal Highness will, by command of the Queen, hold a levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Monday, the 25th inst. It is the Queen's pleasure that presentations to his Royal Highness at the levée shall be considered as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty. The Knights of the several orders are to appear in their Collars, it being St. Mark's Day, a Collar Day.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales arrived at Tangier on Thursday week, as the guest of the British Minister. His Royal Highness, after spending three days in hunting, returned to Gibraltar.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne embarked on board her Majesty's ironclad *Alexandra*, flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron, at Malta on Sunday. A Royal salute was fired, and a guard of honour was drawn up on the landing-stage. The *Alexandra* subsequently sailed for Naples.

The Lady Mayoress (Lady Hanson) will not hold her usual receptions at the Mansion House this month, owing to a domestic bereavement. Her next reception will be on Tuesday, May 3.—The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress will give a banquet at the Mansion House on Wednesday, May 4, to meet the members of the Colonial Conference.

At the Brompton Hospital on Tuesday evening Mr. William Carter and the St. Paul's, Onslow-square, Choral Association performed the first and second parts of "The Creation," affording much gratification to the patients. The performance was well given, Mr. Carter conducting and accompanying with his usual ability.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Favoured by exceptionally fine and mild weather, the Academicians' "Show Sunday" was honoured, although Lent is still here, by a grand display of new dress on the part of the lady guests at the studios. Spring has hardly advanced enough yet to allow of real change in styles, but the first warm weather always brings out new things which, if in fabric of the wintry order, are yet new both in style and in date. Bonnets are the first part of the costume to show change to the genuine springlike character; and several of the transparent *chapeaux* which are to be most fashionable for the warm weather were seen in the various studios on Sunday. A very high hat of black tulle gathered over a series of supporting wires, and trimmed with a black lace square, prettily puckered up to the crown, and there surmounted by a bunch of Lent lilies, drew my notice at one place; while bonnets of black lace, put transparently over wire shapes, and trimmed with yellow flowers, were to be seen everywhere. A pretty hat at Mr. Frith's studio was in the modern-antique "Directoire" style, which is coming in for both hats and bonnets. It had a narrow brim, covered with green velvet, and an upright but not extremely high crown—muffin-shaped, not pointed—also covered with green velvet. Now comes the peculiarity: all round the top of the crown, and rising above it, appeared a closely-set and erect series of bows of ribbon, alternately grey and green in colour, while a bunch of tips in the same colours, set low on the brim in front, formed the only other trimming. The dress worn with this was green cashmere, with vest and panel of elephant grey velvet, edged with gold embroidery.

Grey is the fashionable colour of the hour; nearly all the best dresses are made in it. Lady Monckton (whom also I saw amidst the tapestries of Mr. Frith's studio, and in front of that R.A.'s attractive new picture of "Sir Roger De Coverley and the Widow") wore a handsome grey gown, the skirt of steel-coloured faille Française, and the polonaise of a fabric showing alternate stripes of steel-coloured silk and velvet frisé in a floral design and in a much darker shade of grey. A little three-cornered waistcoat of faille Française let in at the neck was edged with dark steel bead trimming, which formed braces, and of which epaulettes were also made. Another lovely dress was all of steel-grey silk mervelieuse, beautifully draped in long full folds at the back, and having epaulettes composed of a series of graduated loops of plumb trimming—the plumb of this spring, it should be mentioned, being no longer the mere dull leaden stuff which it was when first introduced, but shining and brilliantly faceted, like so much polished jet. Yet another grey *peau de soie* dress was elaborately embroidered on either side of the front with steel beads, while the back formed a demi-train in organ pleats, with grey cord twisted with strings of steel beads between each pleat.

Black silk—not corded, nor mixed with wool, nor in any way changed, but genuine, plain black silk, equally thick and soft, stiff yet pliable—is coming into high favour once again. In Mrs. Jopling's studio there were several dresses of such silk; and it looked very nice, as black silk always has done from time immemorial, with its firm elegance of draping and its unshining but engaging lustre. Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter) wore a plain black silk, with jet trimmings; so did Mrs. Matheson, adding to it a short green velvet mantle, also trimmed with jet. Miss Alice Havers, the artist, had a costume of black silk broché in rounds, with a short mantle of brown plush. Miss Alexes Leighton, well known to Lyceum playgoers, wore a long brown plush coat, over an æsthetic green cashmere dress. Mrs. Jopling herself had a charming costume of golden-brown plush, which formed a full skirt, and crossed, cut out into a heart shape, on the bosom and at the back, like a fichu, over an under-bodice of brocade in red and gold, with sleeves of plush, puffed to the elbow, and cuffs of brocade.

Mantles for the *demi-saison* include some entirely new shapes. The long-enduring rounded dolman sleeve is still with us, but no longer monopolises the field. There are now to be long pointed sleeves worn to mantles and jackets alike. Already they have burst forth in full luxuriance, so that some of the new ulsters display sleeves so wide at the lower end that their points reach to the hem of the garment when the arm hangs down. The sleeve is moderately tight-fitting at the top, down to the elbow, and then it slopes off suddenly into this wonderful, sweeping, bell-like arrangement of lower-arm drapery. It is very senseless; the object of a sleeve is to protect the arm, and a hanging, open sleeve not only fails to perform its own proper function, but puts a wearisome strain upon the member that it should cover and protect. We are too apt to forget that, trivial though an additional drag such as this may appear at first, it is a serious matter when prolonged; as the homely old saying had it—"If you take up a lamb in the morning, it grows to a sheep before night." However, there the long flowing sleeves are—on ulsters, and full-length coats, and short semi-fitting jackets and mantles alike; and I fear that the absurdity of the arrangement will not prevent its adoption by those ever eager for some new thing. The linings of these open sleeves are naturally of as much consequence as the exterior stuffs. Shot silks appear to be most in favour; but I have seen some rich and expensive brocades employed in this situation.

The other new variety of mantelet has no sleeves at all over the lower part of the arm. It has a definite round sleeve, which reaches only as far as the elbow, and is there suddenly cut off straight round. It may be edged with a deep flounce of lace to fall to the wrist; or it may have a jet insertion laid on the edge of the sleeve, and nothing whatever to conceal the dress sleeve from the elbow to the wrist. Gloves to the elbow will be worn with these mantelets, *Suède mousquetaire* being much the nicest for the purpose. These mantles are all short ones behind, and have long ends in front; those ends being either flat, stole-shaped, or drawn together at the bottom "bell-pull" fashion, the latter being newest and most stylish.

Velvet is the material most affected for short mantles, though silk holds a prominent place, and a mixture of velvet and lace, or velvet and grenadine, the thin fabric forming the centre, and the velvet the front, back, and sleeves, is likely to gain in favour as the weather grows warmer. But whatever the material, and I might almost add whatever the colour, it is literally smothered in jet trimming. I have seen a green velvet mantle, and a brown velvet mantle, and a bright blue plush mantle, each jet-bedecked; while as to the black ones, they are absolutely loaded with the heavy, but brilliantly-cut beaded ornaments. Epaulettes of jet are almost universal. Jet insertions pass as bretelles right across the shoulders, and trim down the fronts. Jet fringes edge the mantle in every part. Shaped ornaments slope in from collar to waist at the back, and other elaborate designs glitter like orders on the breast immediately beneath the collar in front. This profuse use of jet as trimming is seen not only on some of the mantles, but on positively all with pretensions to be *à la mode*. In fact, silk jackets are being prepared which, besides having epaulettes and other shaped trimmings, are covered all over with "dingle-dangles" or drops of jet, so fashionable is this rich and glittering ornamentation to be for the spring of 1887.

F. F.-M.

VOLUNTEER CAMPAIGNING AT EASTER.

A few reminiscences of last year's campaigning experiences with the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers appear in our Artist's Sketches, published this week upon the occasion of movements preparatory to the annual Easter Monday display of the Metropolitan and Home Counties' unpaid military force. The marching, as everybody knows, is equally important with the fighting in the quality of efficient troops; and soldierly virtues are constantly exercised in a variety of incidents on the road to the field of action. In warmer weather than we have had at this season, a long march over the hills of Surrey and of Sussex or Kent is likely to produce thirst, which makes a drink of cold water truly delicious. The night's lodging, on the way down from London, may be in a clean dry barn, where the next morning's toilet, for men who are accustomed to shave their chins, will be a difficult performance without the usual apparatus of the masculine dressing-table. On the appointed day of the mimic battle, as the regiment draws near its destined position, the hedges and clustered hop-poles of the district partly screening the approach of opposed bodies of troops, an imperfect first glimpse of the enemy is accidentally obtained. The plan of tactical movements in the field, and their effects, on one side or the other, in disconcerting the scheme of either commander, can hardly be apparent at the time to every man of the rank and file, in all the corps brought into action. Some will be obliged to pass long hours in lying behind the shelter of a trench, awaiting the attack of their foe, or ready for orders to advance, while their seeming inactivity is viewed by ignorant civilians with slightly derisive wonder. But it is by patience and discipline, as well as by skill and valour, that victories in real warfare must be won; and Volunteers must learn to practise the steadiness of regular soldiery in a passive attitude, if they are to be reckoned thoroughly serviceable troops in the open field. At the close of the day, when the battle has been lost or won, the gallant member of the London Scottish has a private letter to write, for somebody whom we know only as "her," but whom he has some right to consider *his*; to whom, having found a seat in a quiet corner, he indites a brief narrative of his personal adventures, and sends it by that evening's post.

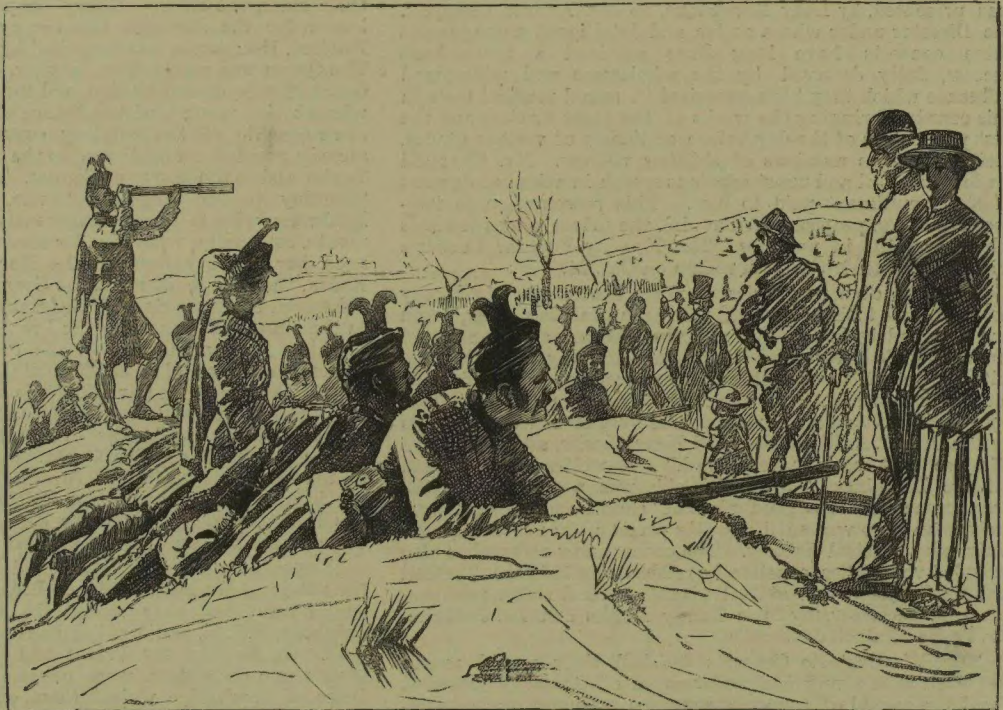
The official general idea of the Easter Review at Dover has been issued, and gives full information regarding the plan of operations. It is supposed that a foreign army has effected a landing at Sandwich Bay. It sends forward a strong force of all arms to seize the high ground about Whitefield, and, if possible, to gain possession of the Dover London-road and railway about Kearney. The commander of the troops in Dover pushes out a force to Whitefield to cover Kearney from an attack from the north, while awaiting reinforcements expected within eight hours from Ashford. To-day (Saturday) the invaders send forward a cavalry regiment with a battery of field-artillery and some infantry, to make a reconnaissance in force by the Sandwich, Dover, and Coldred roads to ascertain if any of the Dover troops are in occupation at Whitefield or Kearney. The commander of the defensive troops in Dover has sent some cavalry towards Waldershare and Coldred, supported by a brigade of infantry and some guns, the infantry to occupy West Whitefield, but not to advance beyond Temple Farm. The two forces come into collision, and the attackers withdraw, having effected their object.



AMONG THE HOP POLES: FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ENEMY.



SHAVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



AWAITING THE ATTACK.



AFTER A HOT MARCH: A DRINK OF COLD WATER.



A QUIET CORNER: LETTING HER KNOW THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE.

OUT WITH THE LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS: A REMINISCENCE OF LAST EASTER.



A PIGEON-FANCIER.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, April 5.

After a fortnight's tranquillity, the voice of provocation has once more been heard from the German *Post*, and the Paris Bourse in alarm went down half a franc. At the same time came reports that the Czar will not allow his subjects to take part in the Exhibition of 1889, and that the autocrats of Austria and Germany will likewise refuse to participate in the celebration at the foot of the Eiffel Tower of the centenary of the Revolution of 1789. Indeed, were it not for the proximity of the Easter holidays, foreign politics would doubtless enter once more an agitated phase, and Republican France be made to feel the singularity of her rôle in the so-called European concert.

Oddly enough, while the Berlin *Post* has been thundering against France, the Parisian musical composers have been discussing the advisability of allowing "Lohengrin" to be performed at the Eden Theatre. The musicians approve the idea; but some patriots threaten to interrupt the performance as they threatened two years ago when M. Carvalho announced "Lohengrin" at the Opéra Comique. There is nothing more ridiculous than what one may call professional patriotism in France. It is a kind of madness which produces strange results, such as the popularity of M. Anatole de la Forge, the green frock-coat of M. Déroulède, and the belief that a man cannot be a true patriot unless he wears white gaiters and belongs to a gymnastic society. A further result of this madness is to recognise no nationality but the French. Wagner's case is beyond remedy: he is a German; in the war of 1870 he sided with his countrymen; the French patriots cannot therefore listen to his music. Had Wagner denied his country in 1870 these patriots would have honoured him with the title of "Frenchman in heart," and listened to his music in ecstasy. However, it seems that this time common-sense will triumph, and that the Wagner performances will pass off without scandal.

The reception of Leconte de Lisle at the French Academy, last Thursday, was certainly a most interesting and singular event. The speech of the impassible author of "Poèmes Barbares" was marmorean, and devoid of thought; the reply of Alexandre Dumas was brilliant, insolent, and full of hits and catch-penny tirades admirably adapted to please the worldling public of the Palais Mazarin. In brief, M. Dumas, acknowledging Victor Hugo's prodigious genius, explained his career by his unparalleled vanity. At an early age Victor Hugo determined to become the greatest poet of his age and the greatest man of his country, and later in life he resolved to become the greatest poet and the greatest man of all ages and of all countries. This view of Hugo was set forth by M. Dumas with most malicious wit, and it was amusing enough, certainly; but it must have been very disagreeable for the members of Hugo's family who were present. In fact, the whole ceremony was strange, inasmuch as it was a deliberate sance of polite depreciation. The Academy elects Leconte de Lisle, and then charges Dumas with informing him that the learned body does not think much of his verse, and still less of his religious opinions. So, too, Dumas is expected to throw mud at Hugo and pull him down from his pedestal. Surely this is not a manifestation of politeness towards the living, or of respect towards the memory of the dead!

It is a noticeable fact that the United States are producing artists in quite respectable numbers. Every year nearly a hundred American painters exhibit in the Paris Salon; the studios of Paris are full of American pupils; they abound in the musical and dramatic classes of the Conservatoire and of private professors. On Sunday night Mr. Campbell Clarke, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, invited the élite of the musical critics of Paris to hear a new star, who hails from Virginia, and to whom M. Strakosch has given the name of Mdle. Nikita. This young lady, who is only fifteen years of age, has a very charming person, and a voice of such remarkable purity and delicate quality that the enthusiasts ventured upon very glorious forecasts of her future. In the air of Suzanne, in the "Nozze de Figaro," in the Romance of "Mignon," and in a canzonetta by Gomez, Mdle. Nikita sang with finished art, and M. Strakosch had every reason to be proud of his gifted pupil.

The Municipal Council of Paris gave a ball at the Hôtel de Ville on Saturday. As this is the first time the new monument has been used for gala purposes much curiosity was felt, and no less than 11,000 invitations were sent out. The crowd was, therefore, very great, and the general aspect animated, if not elegant. The visitors were not all of very distinguished appearance, and the toilets of the ladies were not remarkable.—7880 pictures were sent to the Salon this year, out of which 2500 oil paintings and 1035 water colours and drawings were accepted. It appears from statistics published in a specialist journal that France possesses 22,357 painters, who annually produce nearly ten square miles of pictures.—The Government has pronounced the dissolution of the Municipal Council of Saint-Ouen, for having imitated the conduct of the Municipal Council of Marseilles in sympathising with the Commune, and passing an Order of the Day to that effect on the occasion of the anniversary of March 18.—T. C.

The new Italian Ministry has now been formed, Signor Depretis taking the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and Signor Crispi accepting that of the Interior. Count Robilant retires, but there will be no change in the foreign policy of the Government.

A bomb exploded on Saturday at the office of the Minister of Finance in Madrid. Another, with a lighted fuse, was placed in the hall of the Chamber of Deputies, but it was discovered in time to prevent its exploding.

The Portuguese Cortes were opened last Saturday. The speech from the Throne, after referring to the good relations existing between Portugal and the Powers, and the treaties concluded last year with Germany, France, China, and the Holy See, stated that the difficulty with Zanzibar was progressing towards a pacific solution. The King announced the introduction of reforms in the Chamber of Peers, as well as in the system of recruiting for the army. The projected reforms in the customs tariff and the paper currency would, added his Majesty, produce an equilibrium in the ordinary Budget.

On the occasion of his seventy-second birthday anniversary, on the 1st inst., Prince Von Bismarck received the personal congratulations of the Emperor and several Princes of the Prussian Royal family, as well as many telegrams of felicitation and presents from all parts of Germany.

Yesterday week the Danish Rigsdag was closed by the King. The Budget not having been voted, a Royal decree has been issued authorising the Ministry to meet the necessary expenditure for carrying on the Government of the country.

We hear from Washington that Mr. Fairchild has been appointed Secretary to the Treasury, in the room of Mr. Manning; and Mr. Isaac H. Maynard, a high official in the department, has been promoted to the post of Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, vacated by Mr. Fairchild.

Customs revenue, amounting to 16,348,869-66 dol., shows an increase of 1,508,533-76 dol. compared with the same period of last year. The total expenditure amounted to 23,873,432-39 dol., including rebellion charges to the amount of 207,652-55 dol., against a total expenditure for the same period of last year of 26,202,606-59 dol., including rebellion charges to the amount of 2,502,930-58 dol.—At Toronto the death has been announced of the Hon. W. Smithe, Premier of British Columbia.

Intelligence has been received at St. Johns, Newfoundland, of the wreck of the Eagle, sealing-steamer, at Funk Island, and that all her crew, numbering about 260, have perished.

The Viceroy of India, after a successful shooting trip with the Maharajah of Durbungah, proceeded on Wednesday week to open the new railway bridge over the river Gunduck, a work which connects the Tirhoot Railway with Bengal and the North-Western system, and thereby gives an unbroken length of 656 miles of metre-gauge line through the trans-Gangetic districts of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces.—The Duchess of Connaught, in the presence of the Duke and General Roberts, opened the bridge over the Chappar rift, the greatest piece of engineering on the Scinde-Pishin railway. The bridge is to be named, after her Royal Highness, the Louise Margaret Bridge.—A statue of Sir Richard Temple was unveiled at Bombay on Thursday week.

The revenue of New South Wales for the past quarter shows an increase of over £222,000.—According to official returns, the revenue of Victoria for the past nine months amounted to £5,044,000, being £157,000 above the estimated receipts.

A PIGEON-FANCIER.

The words "fancy" and "fancier" have different applications, being sometimes used not for the mental faculty of conceiving lively figures, scenes, and actions, but to denote a special taste for peculiar breeds of domestic animals, or some favourite species or variety of flower. In the latter sense, apparently, it cannot be said of the young girl, whom we see in the Engraving, that she is like "the fair votaress throned by the west," in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakspeare, "in maiden meditation, fancy-free." On the contrary, she is captive to a "fancy" for pigeons, which are very harmless pets and playthings, and these gentle feathered companions of her leisure hours seem to approach their mistress on terms of familiar friendship. None of our tame birds are more sociable with mankind, and their presence in London about some of our public buildings, and at the Inns of Court, is a pleasant link with simple Nature amidst the cares and worries of town. In a corner of the garden attached to a country house, where this young lady is a privileged daughter, consulting her own innocent partialities, and meeting all the live creatures with a smile of homebred affection, the pigeons have a place of undisturbed habitation, and might listen, if they were more intelligent, to many little confessions of her solitary thoughts. Their confiding disposition appeals to her girlish sentiment, and she is probably, though not a scientific ornithologist, aware that they belong to the kindred of doves, whose very name is suggestive of tender feelings. If she has a brother addicted to the sport of pigeon-shooting, to which some ladies of fashion have lent their countenance at the Hurlingham Club, we do not expect that he will ever persuade her to follow their cruel example.

THE SPRING CIRCUITS OF THE JUDGES.

The following is a complete list of the dates fixed by the Judges for holding the ensuing Spring Assizes:—

Western Circuit (Mr. Justice Denman): Winchester, Saturday, April 23; Exeter, Monday, May 2; Taunton, Monday, May 9. Criminal business only will be taken.

South-Eastern Circuit (Mr. Justice Field): Ipswich, Tuesday, April 19; Cambridge, Tuesday, April 26; Hertford, Monday, May 2; Lewes, Saturday, May 7.

Oxford Circuit (Mr. Baron Huddleston): Reading, Tuesday, April 19; Gloucester, Monday, April 25; Worcester, Saturday, April 30; Stafford, Friday, May 6.

Midland Circuit (Mr. Justice Hawkins): Northampton, Friday, April 22; Lincoln, Friday, April 29; Derby, Thursday, May 5; Warwick, Tuesday, May 10.

North-Eastern Circuit (Mr. Justice Manisty and Mr. Justice Grantham): Newcastle, Wednesday, April 20; Durham, Saturday, April 23; Leeds, Friday, April 29.

North and South Wales Circuits (Mr. Justice Mathew): Carnarvon, Thursday, April 21; Chester, Monday, April 25; Swansea, Saturday, April 30.

Northern Circuit (Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Wills): Carlisle, Wednesday, April 20; Manchester, Monday, April 25; Liverpool, Saturday, May 7.

Prisoners only will be tried at these Assizes, except at Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, at which places two Judges will be in attendance, and civil business will also be taken.

It was decided in the Queen's Bench Division that the author of the words of a song does not part with his copyright without an assignment in writing.

The Charley Lloyd life-boat, stationed at Thurso and belonging to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, was launched on Thursday last week, in reply to signals of distress, during a furious gale and a very heavy sea, and brought safely ashore the crews, consisting of ten men, from the schooners Janet Worthington, of Runcorn, and Lady Louisa Pennant, of Beaumaris, and the ketch Crest, of Wick.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, St. George's Hall, Langham-place, under the management of Mr. Alfred Reed and Mr. Corney Grain, will reopen on Easter Monday, at three and eight, with an entirely new piece, entitled "The Naturalist," written by J. Comyns Carr, music by King Hall; and an entirely new musical sketch, entitled "Jubilee Notes," by Mr. Corney Grain.

Mr. Stanhope presided last Saturday at a dinner given to the Colonial representatives who attended the Imperial Conference which opened on Monday. He expressed a belief that the Conference would be worth many years of official correspondence. Whilst each representative must first regard the interests of his own community, they should all remember that the Conference had great Imperial responsibilities. Our food supply, the danger of war scares, the security of communications with different parts of the Empire, and the means of developing trade, were questions which the Conference could with advantage discuss.—Sir Henry Holland, Secretary of State for the Colonies, presided at the first meeting of the Imperial Conference, which was held at the Foreign Office on Monday. Lord Salisbury and other Ministers of the Crown were present, as well as representatives of all the leading Colonies. The Prime Minister offered a hearty welcome to the Colonists, and proceeded to touch upon the necessity of all parts of the Empire combining for mutual defence, which was the principal business they had assembled to consider. Speeches were made by the chairman, Earl Granville, and several of the Colonial representatives, and it was decided to draw up an address to the Queen, congratulating her on her year of Jubilee.

OBITUARY.

LORD HINDLIP.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Allsopp, Lord Hindlip, of Hindlip Hall, in the county of Worcester, and Alsop-en-le-Dale, in the county of Derby, and a Baronet, J.P. and D.L., died on the 3rd inst. He was born Feb. 19, 1811, the third son of the late Mr. Samuel Allsopp, of Burton-on-Trent, by Frances his wife, only daughter of Mr. Charles Fowler of Shrewsbury. He sat in Parliament as a Conservative for East Worcestershire from 1874 to 1880; was created a Baronet, May 7, 1880, and raised to the Peerage, Feb. 16, 1886. He married, Aug. 21, 1839, Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. William Tongue, of Comberford Hall, in the county of Stafford, and had a numerous family. The eldest son, Samuel Charles, now second Lord Hindlip, late M.P. for East Staffordshire, born March 24, 1842, married in 1868, Georgiana Millicent, daughter of Mr. Charles Rowland Palmer-Morewood of Alfreton Hall, in the county of Derby, and has issue.

GENERAL LOFTUS.

General William James Loftus, C.B., late 38th Regiment, died on the 29th ult. at Birtley Bramley, Guildford, in his sixty-sixth year. He was eldest son of the late Lieutenant-General William Francis Bentinck Loftus, of Kilbride, in the county of Wicklow, by Margaret Harriet, his wife, daughter of Venerable Archdeacon Langrishe, and grandson of General William Loftus, of Kilbride, M.P., Lieutenant of the Tower of London, who was heir male of the great house of Loftus. He entered the Army in 1833, and retired as General in 1881. His services included the Crimean campaign (medal with three clasps, Sardinian and Turkish medals, and fifth class of the Medjidieh) and the Indian Mutiny (medal with clasp). General Loftus married, Dec. 28, 1865, Emmeline Louisa Charlotte, daughter of Mr. H. M. Parratt, of Effingham House, Surrey, and leaves issue.

MAJOR-GENERAL JONES.

Major-General W. S. Jones (retired), Bombay Staff Corps, whose death at 15, Manor-road, Holloway, was recently announced, was born in Surat, in 1823, the only son of the late Judge Jones, of the Madras Presidency. Educated in early life as a civil engineer, he entered the 13th Punjaub Native Infantry, and in the course of years became Lieutenant-Colonel of that regiment. During the Indian Mutiny he rendered valuable services in disguising himself as a native; and, being a perfect linguist, he associated with the rebels, and discovered some of their designs, which through him were frustrated. The last fifteen years of his service were spent as Cantonment-Magistrate of Ahmednugger, where by his engineering skill and knowledge of sanitary science he succeeded in stamping out cholera and malarial fevers, diseases endemic to the cantonment. For his efforts in this direction, by a resolution of the Council, he was voted the thanks of the Government. He leaves a widow and three children.

MR. BRADY.

Mr. John Brady, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for the county of Leitrim from 1852 to 1880, died on the 27th ult., at Loddington House, Rugby, aged seventy-four. He was eldest son of Mr. Tobias Brady, of Cavan, Ireland, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Brady; married, in 1847, Sarah, daughter of the late Mr. John Rayner, of Ely, and was left a widower in 1860 with two daughters, of whom the elder, Sarah Mary Brady Rayner, married, in 1871, Mr. George Prichard. Mr. Brady was a member of the Royal College of Physicians and of the College of Surgeons. He sat in Parliament for twenty-seven years.

Mrs. Louisa Parry, widow of the Right Rev. Thomas Parry, D.D., Bishop of Barbados, on the 23rd ult., at Inglehope, West Malvern, aged eighty-four.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Henry Earle, of Andover, Hants., J.P., late Major 17th Regiment, on the 29th ult., aged fifty-seven; he was eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Earle, of Andover, by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Hughes.

Colonel Robert Macleod Sutherland, C.B., late 92nd Highlanders, on the 27th ult., at Huntly Lodge, Inverness. He entered the Army in 1823 and became Colonel in 1861. Served in the Indian Mutiny campaign, and was made C.B. in 1861.

Mr. William Henry Dunlop, of Annan Hill, Ayrshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 25th ult., at his residence, near Kilmarnock. He was born in 1829, and married, in 1852, Margaret, daughter of Mr. Robert Montgomerie, of Craighouse.

Mrs. Mary Turner Scrymgeour Wedderburn, widow of Thomas Smith, Physician-General, H.E.I.S., and daughter of Henry Wedderburn, of Wedderburn and Birkhill, by Mary Turner, his wife, eldest daughter of Captain the Hon. Frederick Lewis Maitland, R.N., on the 25th ult., at West Grange, Edinburgh.

Mr. William Trotter, of Horton Manor, Surrey, J.P., on the 26th ult., at his seat near Epsom, in his eighty-seventh year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. George Brown, merchant of London, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Major Henry Balfour, of Pilrig, Midlothian; and changed his name to Trotter in consequence of his marriage with Mary Elizabeth Welbank, grand-daughter maternally of Mr. John Trotter, of Horton.

Mr. Harding, of 45, Piccadilly, publishes some Easter cards, marked by quiet good taste.

The experiment of importing fruit from Australia was so successful at the recent Colonial and Indian Exhibition that a regular trade, it is stated, has sprung up in this description of produce. The first shipment of pears for this season has arrived by the steam-ship Chimborazo.

The *Journal of Education* for this month contradicts a statement in their preceding issue, that there is an absence of drains at Holloway College, and states that Sir Robert Rawlinson reports the same are in perfect condition, and apologises to Mr. W. H. Crossland, the architect of the college, for the erroneous statement.

The revenue received for the year ending Thursday, March 31, amounts to £90,772,758, being £1,191,457 more than the revenue for the year ending March 31, 1886. The gross increase is £1,788,000; of which £740,000 is from property tax, £328,000 customs, £390,000 post-office and telegraphs, £240,000 stamps, and £90,000 house duty and land tax. From the gross increase have to be deducted £210,000 decrease in excise, and £386,543 decrease on miscellaneous, interest on advances, and Crown lands.—The total receipts during the past quarter amounted to £31,309,160, being a decrease of £66,312 as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 7, 1881), with two codicils (dated Feb. 6, 1883, and Oct. 24, 1884), of Mr. Alexander Schlusser, late of Belvedere, Wimbledon, who died on the 11th ult., was proved on the 25th ult. by Alexander Frederick William Schlusser, the son, Henry Frederick Marks, and Henry Attlee, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £269,000. The testator leaves a house at Balham and £2000 to his adopted daughter, Mrs. Agnes Tiarks; £10,000, a house at Lower Norwood, and all his plate, pictures, furniture, books, wines, effects, horses, carriage, and farming stock at Wimbledon or elsewhere to his late wife's niece, Sarah Margaret Gurney; he also leaves her the additional sum of £2500, in the full assurance that she will continue certain payments and annuities to some aged servants and indigent persons; £9000 Three and a Half per Cent Metropolitan Consolidated Stock, upon trust, for his sister Dorothy, for life; £9000 of the like stock, upon trust, for Mrs. Louisa Ephigenia Schlusser, the widow of his late brother Frederick, for life, and then for his two nephews, William Frederick and Henry; £3000 of the like stock, upon trust, for each of his said nephews during the joint life of himself and the said Mrs. Schlusser; £5000 to each of his said nephews; 10,000 silver roubles to Dr. William Schlusser; over 27,000 silver roubles to Henrietta, the widow of his late nephew, Frederick Christian Schlusser; and legacies to nieces, executors, and others, and also to servants, including £500 to his gardener, Lyne; £250 to his butler, Norman; £100 to his cook; and £100 to his barber, Frederick William Peck. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son, Alexander Frederick William Schlusser.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1885), with two codicils (both dated Nov. 19, 1886), of Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B., formerly M.P. for Devonport, late of Cadlington House, near Horndean, in the county of Southampton, who died on Feb. 23 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by John March Case and Captain Edward Hobart Seymour, R.N., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator bequeaths two stands of Chinese arms to the Royal Naval Institute, Whitehall; the service of plate presented to him by the British merchants in China to his nephew, Sir Michael Culme Seymour, Bart.; the silver-gilt breakfast service presented to his late wife, Lady Seymour, on her marriage, by his late Majesty King George IV., to his grandson, William Arthur Seymour; and some other legacies. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one equal third part to, or upon trust for, each of his children, Mrs. Blanche Dawson, Mrs. Dora Mackenzie, and Michael Francis Knighton Seymour.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated June 20, 1868), with a codicil (dated May 28, 1873), of the Right Hon. Susan Elizabeth, Baroness Clarina, late of Elm Park, Limerick, who died on Nov. 14 last, to General the Right Hon. Eyre Challoner Henry Massey, Baron Clarina, the son, one of the executors, was sealed in London on the 11th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testatrix gives legacies to her sons, Hugh, Adolphus, William, and Lionel; and appoints all her said sons residuary legatees.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1886) of Miss Harriet Gurney Fordham, late of Melbourn, Bury, Cambridgeshire, who died on Jan. 4 last, at Phillimore-gardens, was proved on the 26th ult. by Archibald Henry Hamilton and John Edward Fordham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £66,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £1000 each to the Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, and the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children; £700 each to the Religious Tract Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, and the Continental Church Society; £500 each to the London City Mission, the London Bible and Domestic Mission, and Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge; £300 each to the Hunstanton Convalescent Home, the Thames Church Mission, and the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen; £200 each to the Royston Cottage Hospital, the Christian Colportage Association, the Hospital for Children with Hip Diseases, Sevenoaks, and the Cambridge Female Home; £200 to be applied by her executors for the improvement of the parishioners of Melbourn, by means of reading-rooms, or in assisting schools; £50 to the Rev. James Hamilton, for the benefit of the parishioners of Melbourn, particularly the sick and needy; and very numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, servants, labourers, and others. The residue she leaves to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Fordham.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1886), with three codicils (dated May 19, 1886, and Feb. 14 and 15, 1887), of Mr. James Chapman, late of Warminster, Wilts, solicitor, who died on Feb. 22 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by James Chapman, Walter Spencer Chapman, and Thomas Ponting, the nephews, and Joseph Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator bequeaths £250 each to the Warminster Aged Poor Society, the Warminster Cottage Hospital, the Warminster Blanket Lending Charity, and the Salisbury Infirmary; £200 to the Vicar and churchwardens of Holt, Wiltshire, to be invested and the income applied towards the support of the Church of England Schools at Holt; £100 to the Rev. William Hickman, of Christchurch, Warminster, for such objects, charitable or otherwise, as he may think fit; and numerous legacies to relatives, clerks, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephews and nieces, James Chapman, Walter Spencer Chapman, Thomas Ponting, Anne Compton, Mary Smith, Susan Chapman, Mary Chapman Humphrey, Ellen Ponting, and Alice Martha Ponting.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1884), with a codicil (dated March 23, 1886), of Mr. John Clark, advocate, formerly of No. 34, Marischal-street, Aberdeen, but late of No. 19, Royal York-crescent, Clifton, Bristol, was proved on the 22nd ult. by William Yeats and Arthur David Morice, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £33,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects and all his real estate to his wife, Mrs. Christian Clark. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay annuities to the children of his brother George during his wife's lifetime, and, subject thereto, the income to his wife, for life. At her death he bequeaths £2500 to each of the children of his brother George; £200 each to the Royal Infirmary of Aberdeen; the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, Aberdeen; the Hospital for Persons labouring under Incurable Diseases, Aberdeen; and the Benevolent Society for the Relief of Poor Gentlewomen of Scotland; and other legacies. The ultimate residue of such part of his property as he cannot leave for charitable purposes he gives to his wife. He states that he is desirous of benefiting the inhabitants of Aberdeen, of which city he is a native, and he therefore leaves the ultimate residue of such part of his property as he may by law bequeath for charitable purposes to be applied, at the absolute discretion of his trustees, for the promotion and advancement of learning, higher education, or technical instruction in some or one of the permanent institutions of Aberdeen, in founding or assisting to found any

such institution, or such part thereof, as they may think fit, for public benevolence or charity, also in connection with some or one of the permanent institutions of Aberdeen not supported by the public rates.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1884) of Mr. John Clark Foster, late of Castlethorpe, Broughton, Lincolnshire, who died on Nov. 29 last, was proved on the 9th ult., by Joseph Dawber and James Popple, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. Subject to one or two bequests, the testator leaves all his property to his sister, Mary Clark Long.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W A P (Holloway).—Thanks for your good wishes. We have not many such correspondents as W H D.

NORTHERN FIGARO (Aberdeen).—We have not yet received the paper, and we cannot decipher your name.

L B (Bristol).—We take exceeding care to acknowledge all correct solutions as received. You have not yet acknowledged receipt of the chess board, nor returned us the change for postage—1s. 8d. (2/6).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM Nos. 2227 to 2231 received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Notts); of Nos. 2227 to 2230 from W A P; of No. 2228 from R Thomas; of No. 2229 from F E Gibbins; of No. 2230 from J H Muschus; both of Tills, Cuckfield; of No. 2231 from Hereford; of No. 2231 from Dick (Chew Magna, Staff); of MacFarlane (Woolwich), Edwin Smith, Fairhead, C E F, W B Smith, and R Thomas.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2242 received from Fred MacCabe, J Dunstead, Neria, R H Brooks, N S Harris, North-Bac, H Reeve, W Biddle, E Elsbury, R O Lane, R J Stiggles, C Oswald, T H Moody, H Wardell, Hermit, J T W, R L Southwell, W R Rallem, H Lucas, R F N Banks, W Hillier, Mildmay, G W Law, Peterhouse, J F Moon, Rev. J Gaskin, A C Hunt, J Heyworth Shaw, R Tweddell, Thomas Chown, Hereford, Jupiter Junior, Oliver Isingla, Staff-Sergeant MacFarlane (Woolwich), E E H, Ben Nevis, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, L Falcon (Antwerp), T Roberts, T G (Ware), E Casella (Paris), James D Hannan, Fairholme, E J Jesse, J Rayner Betts, S Bullen, A D Swift, M Percy, O Baraghy, Courtfield, Charles K Hattersley, Major Prichard, G D Frankland, E Featherstone, Sergeant James Sage, W B Smith, L Wyman, W Heathcote, Rev. R V French, G Joyce, W M Smith, J A Schuchke, Archdeacon Hamilton (Limerick), F F Pott, Otto Fuder (Ghent), H B S, R Worters, Rev. Winfield Cooper, R Thomas, William Miller (Cork), C T Salisbury, Commander W L Martin (L.N.), W E H Stoiles, George C Hes, J Adams (Londonderry), Edward L Beckham, Shadforth, Black Knight, J Hawthorn, E V Vandersteene, and Louis Bevilant.

NOTE.—Only communications received up to the 1st instant are acknowledged in this number.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2241.

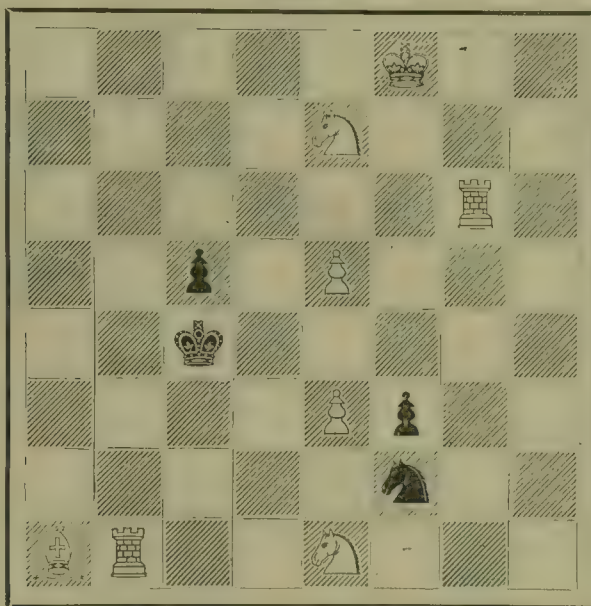
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 4th K takes Kt
2. Kt to R 5th (ch) K moves
3. B to B 7th. Mate.

NOTE.—The author's first move in this problem is indeterminate. Several correspondents have discovered "another way" by 1. Kt to Q B 5th.

PROBLEM No. 2244.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Second game in the late friendly match between the Rev. Mr. SKIPWORTH and Mr. BURN. The notes appended to the moves are by Mr. Skipworth. (Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to K Kt 3rd

This move, if not introduced by Mr. Burn, is specially favoured by him in playing the Vienna opening. It is by no means new when Black plays 2. Kt to Q B 3rd.

3. B to B 4th
I don't like this move, at all events at this particular stage, for it entails presently the protective move P to Q R 3rd to prevent the Bishop being exchanged for the adverse Q Kt. P to Q 4th is certainly better. We played a few other games, not match games, at this opening and I obtained quite an even game by 3. P to Q 4th.

4. B to Kt 2nd Castles
5. K Kt to K 2nd Kt to Q B 3rd
6. Castles P to Q R 3rd
7. P to K R 3rd

Ingenuously providing a safe square for the King while preparing to attack with his Pawns.

8. K to R 2nd P to Q 3rd
9. P to K B 4th Kt to Q 5th
10. P to Q 3rd

Mr. Burn thought he ought to have taken off my Knight. It is doubtful; there is much to be said on both sides.

11. P to B 3rd P to B 3rd
12. P to K Kt 4th P to Kt 5th
13. Kt to Q Kt sq Kt to K sq
14. Kt to Kt 3rd P to B 3rd
15. P to K R 4th R to Kt sq
16. P to B 3rd P takes P
17. P takes P Kt to Kt 4th
18. P to Kt 5th Q Kt to B 2nd

Taking a general survey of the board before this move, White, it will be seen, has the attack; but my position was quite defensible, and at least as good as that of my opponent, whose pieces on the Queen's side were still undeveloped. I failed, however, to make the best move here, for, (the being short, I was unable thoroughly to analyse the position. The Knight might have been played to Q 5th, but it would have threatened nothing and

A match between the clubs of Bolton and Atherton was played on the 26th ult., which resulted in a decisive victory for the representatives of the latter town, with the score of ten games to six and three draws.

In the tourney of the Manchester Club for the Bateson Wood Cup, Mr. H. Jones has carried off the trophy with the fine score of thirteen out of a possible sixteen.

The Northern Whig, of Belfast, reports an exciting match between the Salvo and Lurgan Clubs, resulting in an equal score of six to each side.

The prize of 2000f. at the first International Bicycle Tournament of Vienna was won by the English cyclist, Duncan, of London, who accomplished the forty rounds in 22 min. 3 sec.

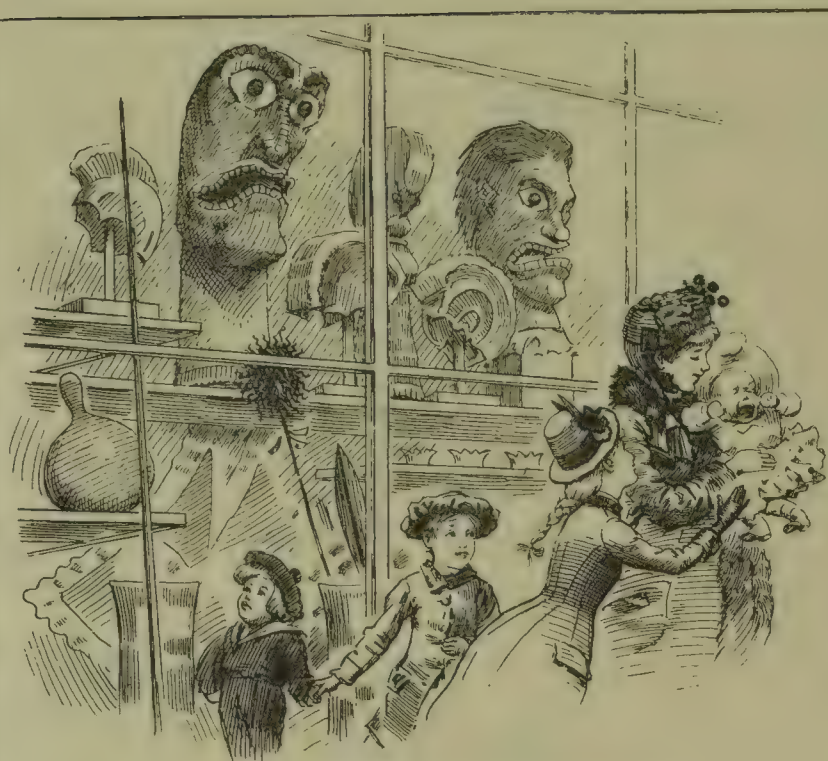
BANK HOLIDAY AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The axiom of Pope, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," has no true application to the state of common folk without intellectual affectation, who feel a wholesome pleasure in even the smallest addition to their knowledge. Only the self-conceit of having some knowledge which has not really been attained is dangerous; and this will be prevented most effectually by perceiving how great is the range and diversity of the studies with which one is unacquainted. For people who cannot read a great many books, and whose education has not been such as to give them a comprehensive view of the relations of the different sciences and of the chief branches of history and literature to each other, inspecting the contents of a museum is a salutary lesson. The least instructed visitor to our grand national institution at Bloomsbury may be spared undue humiliation, by assuring him that the most encyclopaedic scholar cannot possibly know all that has been ascertained, and that is actually on record, concerning every class of objects in the various collections there on view. Any man, however eminent in learning, who perhaps knows certain things better than anybody else in the world, is necessarily in the position of not knowing many other things nearly so well as they are known by numbers of other men; for everyone is ignorant of that which he has never studied or observed. Hence, it is no shame to be ignorant of much, but it is a shame to be indifferent to the charms of knowledge. The attitude of intelligent curiosity, delighting in the vast abundance of intellectual wealth for mankind, while gratefully receiving the minutest fragment added to one's own share, and desiring ever to increase it, is the happiest disposition for each of us, when we enter the British Museum.

Among the many thousands of ordinary Londoners, who through the halls and galleries on a Bank holiday, a large proportion being of the working classes, this disposition is quite as likely to prevail as in the generality of visitors on other days, belonging to the more leisured classes of society. It is refreshing to observe the frank eagerness of the thoughtful artisan, to overhear his conjectural explanations in reply to questions from his wife or the boys and girls, and possibly to be able to help him with a little bit of information. There are, however, some departments, especially in the collections of classical antiquities, which cannot easily be appreciated without an initiation into poetical and mythological conceptions that are attractive to few but Greek and Latin scholars. It is, perhaps, difficult to make an English labouring man understand the respective attributes of "the Greater Gods of Olympus." The Elgin marbles, and other sculptures from Grecian temples, will be less congenial objects of contemplation, for people to whom Homer says never a word, than the portrait busts and statues of Roman Emperors and other real personages, in the ground-floor rooms first entered to the left of the main entrance. Some of the headless torsos, and statues deprived of feet and arms, and other painfully mutilated figures, will make a disagreeable impression on minds uninitiated in the aesthetic proportions of the human form. It requires, also, a certain acquaintance with Greek architecture to conceive the proper effect of the friezes and metopes of the Parthenon, and the decorations of the tomb of Mausolus. Sculptures in relief, however, which represent numerous groups in combined action, seem to be readily intelligible, and those of battles and sieges, in the Assyrian galleries below are examined with much interest, as though they were pictures of historical scenes.

All that serves to illustrate the domestic daily life of ancient nations, such as the household utensils, furniture, instruments, and personal ornaments of the Egyptians, and the coffins, mummies, and sepulchral arrangements for the dead, proves immediately attractive to simple human feeling. The quaint figure of an Etruscan old gentleman reclining on his bed, watched by a lady of singular appearance, which is a startling sight for the party of visitors introduced in one of our Artist's Sketches, is more realistic than artistic in effect. Some wag has stuck a vulgar London paper into the hands. It might almost satisfy the desire of a sensation, implied in the mistaken inquiry of an honest father of a family, outside in the entrance hall, "Where's the Chamber of Horrors?" as if he were at a certain Wax-work Exhibition in the latitude of Marylebone. Egyptian mummies, likewise, especially those partially unrolled, are viewed with sentiments of awe and imaginative compassion, one good lady being somehow under the persuasion that the body was embalmed while yet living; instead of having its inward parts and the brains extracted, after death, and being then boiled with bitumen, salted, and smeared with wax, and wrapped up in several hundred yards of linen, a process quite innocent of cruelty! It has often been proposed, from time to time, particularly when crowds of holiday visitors are expected at the Museum, to give them brief conversational lectures, several times in the day, upon the arts, the ideas, manners, and customs, and a slight outline of the history, of the principal nations of antiquity.

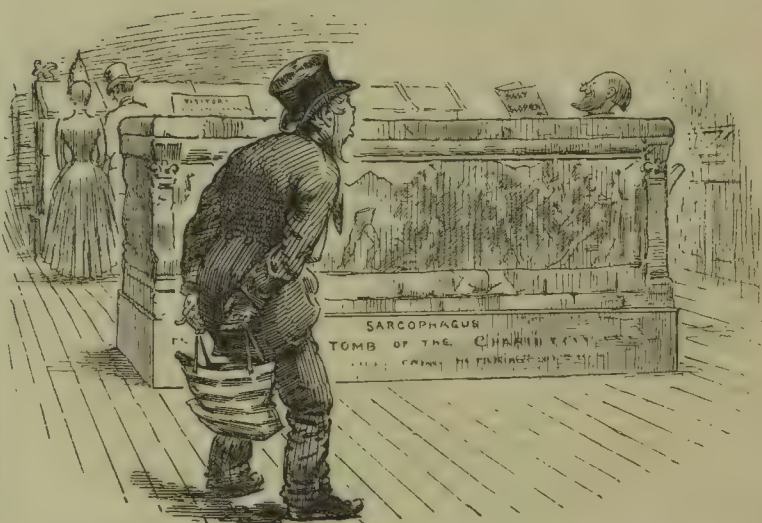
The British Museum is a world of relics and specimens: an index to the past ages of the known world. A week of daily diligent inspection would hardly suffice to gain complete acquaintance with all its collections; but to acquire the full amount of exact learning that can be adduced to explain them and to enhance their significance would take, as we suppose, not one but several studious lifetimes, which might be spent in the grand reading-room, in perusing a few thousand of the million and a half volumes that the ever-growing library contains. Nobody, as we have remarked, is ever going to be so learned as that. Formerly, before the collections of natural history or zoology were removed to a new museum at South Kensington, and yet farther back, previously to the formation of the Science and Art Department in that favoured suburb, the institution in Great Russell-street seemed almost exclusively to command a monopoly of State advantages for teaching history and science by the display of permanent collections. It may be questioned whether either of these great public establishments has yet been so widely appreciated and utilised by the people of London as they should be, from an educational point of view; in connection with the ordinary work of schools and colleges, and with private study not of a distinctly professional kind, regular visits to the museums, with present oral instruction when convenient, and with careful note-taking or even drawing by the students, would be of very great service. We have taken the opportunity, so far, to comment seriously upon the right uses and benefits of such an institution, though some of our Artist's Sketches, being of a humorous character, have more to do with droll incidents among the Easter Monday crowd of sightseers there. One of the first objects of their astonishment, in the very portico, is likely to be the rudely-formed statues of unknown personages, the work of an unknown extinct race of men, brought from Easter Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which is an ethnological mystery that none can solve. The babies and other young children, here as everywhere accompanying their mothers, will be apt to feel their tender minds severely tried by the grim presentments of barbarous art in the features of Polynesian heathen idols. But there is no lack of prettier things to look at.



Hawaiian Gods too much for British Baby.



Intellectual Precautions.



Startling Phenomenon observed by Bank-Holiday Visitor in the Etruscan Room.



An Easter Monday Group round an Easter Island Statue.



A Lady who thinks Embalming a cruel practice which should not be allowed.



On the Wrong Track: "Where is the Chamber of 'Orrors?"



Closing Time: The Lost Tribe waiting to be recognised.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: EYNSFORD, KENT.

EYNSFORD, KENT.

The Artist of our "Rambling Sketches" has found picturesque subjects for his pencil in that pleasant part of North Kent which is traversed by the small river Darent: a stream rising in the chalk of the North Downs, above Sevenoaks, and flowing briskly, with lively trout in its clear water, by the quiet villages of Otford and Shoreham, and by Lullingstone Park, into a wider valley below, where Eynsford, Farningham, Horton Kirby, and Sutton-at-Hone, successively invite the pedestrian tourist to linger on his road. Below these places is the busy little town of Dartford, or Darentford, as it must at first have been called, sixteen miles from London; and the Cray, another chalk-stream, which is a junior sister of the Darent, joins that river in the marshes before it reaches the Thames. Large paper-mills, powder-mills, and other factories, contribute to the industrial activity of the lower part of the valley; but he who turns his back on such establishments, seeking the tranquil delights of rural scenery, will soon be gratified with the sight of broad open heaths, green hills, woods and coppices, orchards and cherry-gardens, with their white blossoms of the spring season, and a few hop-gardens; though not to be compared in richness with those beyond the hills in the beautiful region of the Medway.

BIRTHS.

On the 3rd inst., at Cocklehole, Notts., Mrs. Cecil Foljambe, of a son.

On March 27, at No. 11, Voss-strasse, Berlin, the wife of Mr. Arthur Leveson-Gower, Second Secretary to H.B.M.'s Embassy, of a daughter.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

BY THE LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be available for an extended time.

The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London, &c., and the Seaside, &c., on Saturday, April 9, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 11, 12, and 13.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport and Cowes, on April 7 and 9 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).

EXTRA TRAINS FROM BRIGHTON.—On TUESDAY, April 12, 7.30 a.m. for London Bridge and Victoria (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).

EXTRA TRAIN FROM ISLE OF WIGHT.—On TUESDAY, April 12, from Ventnor 6.55 a.m., calling at Shanklin and Sandown, and connecting with a Boat from Ryde 7.15 a.m., and joining 8.10 a.m. Fast Train Portsmouth to London (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).

EXTRA LATE TRAIN TO BRIGHTON ON THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, APRIL 7 and 9, an Extra Fast Train will leave Victoria 11.55 p.m. for Brighton direct (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY. SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, from Victoria, 2.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington, 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge, 2.15 p.m., calling at New-cross and East Croydon.

Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.10 p.m. Train. Fares, 7s. 6d. and 5s.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, April 9, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 12.15 p.m.; from London Bridge 2.40 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS. GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY, From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, and Hastings.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY. GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New-cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT EASTBOURNE.

EASTER MONDAY.—A Special Fast Train to Eastbourne will leave Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; London Bridge 8.0 a.m., calling at Croydon. Fares, there and back, 16s. 11s. 6d.

Special Trains to Eastbourne will also be run from Brighton, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate stations (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Bills to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained.—West End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; H. S. Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.

(By order) A. FARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

ARTHUR TOOTH and SON'S ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of High-Class ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES, including Rosa Bonheur's new Picture, "A Picnic Party," is NOW OPEN at their Galleries, 5 and 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN? By Frederick Goodall, R.A., his last Grand Work. NOW ON VIEW at ARTHUR TOOTH and SON'S GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket.

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EASTER HOLIDAYS. ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL. ON EASTER MONDAY AFTERNOON AT THREE. ON EASTER MONDAY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will give Two Special Performances of their ENTIRELY NEW and SPARKLING HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT. Production of a stirring musical and allegorical finale, called "Around the Globe in Fifteen Minutes." First appearance of Sergeant Smith and his highly-trained and disciplined troupe of Juvenile Zouaves. Limelight effects by Kerr and Co. All new and charming Songs and Choruses. New and intensely funny Comic Sketches. Funny altogether. THE VERY BEST AND BRIGHTEST ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON during the EASTER HOLIDAYS. FIVE THOUSAND SEATS.

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The historical antiquities of this district have much interest. The visitor may be reminded that it was probably the ground most obstinately contested by the Romanised Britons, in their desperate warfare against the Saxon invaders who had landed at Ebbe's Fleet, with leaders mythically disguised under the names of Hengist and Horsa, fourteen centuries ago. Wat Tyler lived at Dartford, in the time of King Richard II., and began the Kentish insurrection by killing the poll-tax collector here for an insult to his daughter. The ancient Priory at Dartford was the residence of Anne of Cleves, one of the ill-used wives of Henry VIII. The village churches, up the Darent valley, are particularly interesting; that of Darenth village is extremely ancient, and peculiar in its structure, which is partly of Roman bricks; while Sutton church contains the quaint but handsome tomb of Sir Thomas Smith, an Elizabethan Alderman, one of the founders of the East India Company. Horton Kirby church, of cruciform shape, was founded by the Knights Hospitallers; its monumental brasses, and those at Farningham, bear record of dignified local families; and the Elizabethan mansion-house called "Franks" was the seat of the Bathursts. A fine old yew-tree, in Horton Kirby churchyard, will be admired.

Eynsford, situated at the entrance to the narrower upper valley, has its own paper-mills, but its rustic charms are still

preserved. The manor was given, in the year 905, by a Saxon thane named Ælfge, whose heathen ancestors perhaps came over with "Hengist and Horsa," to the monks of Canterbury, but was afterwards held by a family named Eynsford, and by certain "Criols," as feudal tenants of the Archbishop. They built, under Edward I., a strong castle, the ruins of which extend over nearly an acre; the walls being of chalk flints mixed with Roman bricks, which proves, as in other places, that Roman fortresses had been constructed in the neighbourhood. How these sequestered nooks of England, so tranquil in our days, are everywhere haunted by the memories of great military invaders and foreign rulers! The historical imagination sees them marching and fighting, and levying tribute of the conquered native people. It is better to live in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's peaceful reign.

The church of Eynsford, bespeaking a milder element of civilisation, is mainly of Early English architecture, cruciform, with a richly decorated Norman door, and with a north transept restored in the Perpendicular style. The old manor-house, the bridge, and the timber-fronted houses on the river-bank, are pleasing to the lover of antiquity; to these our Artist has added the sketch of a water-wheel at Lullingstone, which is not far distant. Shoreham and Otford have been described on former occasions.

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FAR, FAR INTO THE FUTURE.

It can be said that in no enlightened country in the world is fair play held in higher esteem than in Great Britain: nowhere else are people so sensitive to what is just, and just in proportion as they are sensitive, they are ever ready to concede what is right. They have their standards of judgment not founded on prejudice, and their organs of opinion neither narrow-minded nor selfish, to which they adhere inflexibly. So when the foremost of their great newspapers and journals—the soundest, the surest, and most searching of the Anglo-Saxon race—began, in the light of science, to speak unreservedly, and in a manner as quoted below, the auguries of success to the object of their encomium were as bright as the sun. For instance—The London "Sunday Times," concluding a leading article upon the value of a great discovery, says: "This, added to what our personal experience and inquiries have brought forward, must place it in reputation at the top of the list, and satisfy the most incredulous that it accomplishes all that is claimed for it." The "London Magazine of Chemistry and Medicine" publishes some most remarkable facts, and states "that eminent professional men in different parts of Great Britain have, after the most thorough and exhaustive tests, given it as their opinion that it is a discovery of marvellous efficiency." The London "Christian Globe" concludes a recital of some convincing experiments in the cure of suffering, and says:—"With such experiences it is impossible to say too much in its favour, and the most sceptical can need no further proof of the astonishing efficacy of this discovery." The "Whitehall Review," in an introductory and closing, says:—"It has such a decided bearing upon human happiness, it has been made the subject of considerable comment and investigation on the part of various newspapers. It will, no doubt, prove of incalculable value."

Such comments were but the forerunners of what the proprietors of the discovery knew would follow from the judgment of the British people, and at once they were in receipt of revelations from its use and fair trial which are as wonderful as true. Per example: Mr. William Howes, Civil Engineer, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, London, writes: "Was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years; hands swelled enormously; joints were stiff; could not walk; feet so sore would not bear my weight. Before using two bottles all pain left, and am now in perfect health." Mrs. Charles Webb, North Queen-ferry, Scotland, writes: "For many years suffered with neuralgia in my head. Had given up hope of ever being free from pains; with the most excruciating had no rest for three weeks. My husband also had suffered with rheumatism eight years; our condition was pitiable when I procured a bottle of the great remedy, but I was free from pain in seven minutes, and have not had the slightest return. My husband's pain vanished, and he is now at work!" Mrs. Polson, wife of Mr. John Polson, Gray's-inn-passage, Bedford-row, London, writes:—"Suffered from a sprained ankle for nineteen years. On applying your great remedy, the pain vanished, the swelling was reduced, and my ankle is as strong as ever." Mr. George Stevens, coach-painter, Lewes, Sussex, writes:—"Was a constant sufferer for thirty years from severe sciatica. By continued use of your great remedy, the pain entirely left, and has never returned." These are but a few samples of effects, which in a thousand equally marvellous cases have become familiar to the British public, and which that public knows, no other remedy but ST. JACOBS OIL, to which all this refers, could so completely accomplish. After such an accounting, after the press has given it a rank among the discoveries of science, and treat it as a beneficence which the poorest can get from Chemists for only 2s. 6d.; or from The Charles A. Vogeler Company, 43, Farringdon-road, by post, 2s. 9d., it has planted its foot firmly in the great metropolis of the world; and it will continue to conquer pain far, far into the future.

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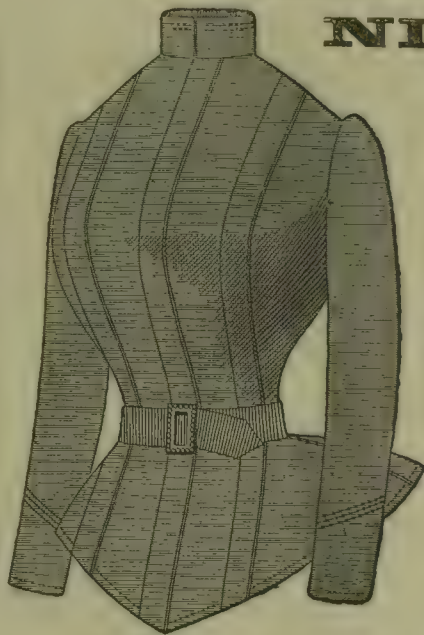
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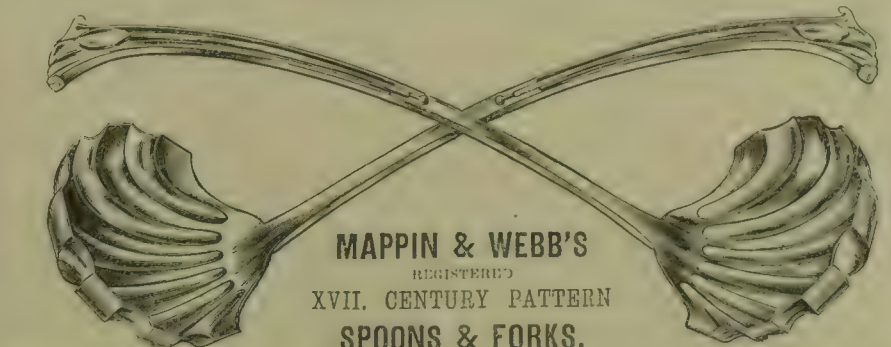
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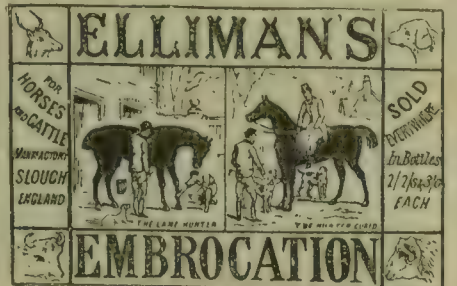
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DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

She had scraped up a handful of sand, and was allowing it to escape through her slim fingers in a slender rain on the ground.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.*

BY BRET HARTE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

While these various passions had been kindled by her compatriots in the peaceful ashes of Todos Santos, Eleanor Keene had moved among them indifferently and, at times, unconsciously. The stranding of her young life on that unknown shore had not drawn her towards her fellow-exiles, and the circumstances which afterwards separated her from daily contact with them completed the social estrangement. She found herself more in sympathy with these strangers, with whom she had never mingled familiarly, than with her own people, who had mixed with them more or less contemptuously. She found the naïveté of Doña Isabel more amusing than the doubtful simplicity of that married ingénue, Mrs. Brimmer, although she still met the young girl's advances with a certain reserve; she found herself often pained by the practical brusqueness with which Mrs. Markham put aside the Comandante's delicate attentions; she was moved with a strange pity for his child-like trustfulness, which she knew was hopeless. As the months passed, on the few occasions that she still met the Excelsior's passengers she was surprised to find how they had faded from her memory, and to discover in them the existence of qualities that made her wonder how she could have ever been familiar with them. She reproached herself with this fickleness, she wondered if she would have felt thus if they had completed their voyage to San Francisco together; and she recalled, with a sad smile, the enthusiastic plans they had formed during the passage to perpetuate their fellowship by anniversaries and festivals. But she, at last, succumbed, and finally accepted their open alienation as preferable to the growing awkwardness of their chance encounters.

For a few weeks following the flight of Captain Bunker and her acceptance of the hospitality and protection of the Council she became despondent. The courage that had sustained her, and the energy she had shown in the first days of

their abandonment, suddenly gave way, for no apparent reason. She bitterly regretted the brother whom she scarcely remembered; she imagined his suspense and anguish on her account, and suffered for both; she felt the dumb pain of home sickness for a home she had never known. Her loneliness became intolerable. Her condition at last affected Mrs. Markham, whose own idleness had been beguiled by writing to her husband an exhaustive account of her captivity, which had finally swelled to a volume on Todos Santos, its resources, inhabitants, and customs. "Good Heavens! you must do something, child, to occupy your mind—if it is only a flirtation with that conceited Secretary." But this terrible alternative was happily not required. The Comandante had still retained as part of the old patriarchal government of the Mission, the Presidio school, for the primary instruction of the children of the soldiers—dependants of the garrison. Miss Keene, fascinated by several little pairs of beady black eyes that had looked up trustingly to hers from the playground on the glacis, offered to teach English to the Comandante's flock. The offer was submitted to the spiritual head of Todos Santos and full permission given by Padre Esteban to the fair heretic. Singing was added to the instruction, and in a few months the fame of the gracious Doña Leonor's pupils stirred to emulation even the boy choristers of the Mission.

Her relations with James Hurlstone during this interval were at first marked by a strange and unreasoning reserve. Whether she resented the singular coalition forced upon them by the Council, and felt the awkwardness of their unintentional imposture when they met, she did not know, but she generally avoided his society. This was not difficult, as he himself had shown no desire to intrude his confidences upon her; and even in her shyness she could not help thinking that if he had treated the situation lightly or humorously—as she felt sure Mr. Brace or Mr. Crosby would have done—it would have been less awkward and unpleasant. But his gloomy reserve seemed to the high-spirited girl to colour their innocent partnership with the darkness of conspiracy. "If your conscience troubles you, Mr. Hurlstone, in regard to the wretched infatuation of those people," she had once said, "undeceive them, if you can, and I will assist you. And don't let that affair of Captain Bunker worry you either. I have already

confessed to the Comandante that he escaped through my carelessness." "You could not have done otherwise, without sacrificing the poor Secretary, who must have helped you," Hurlstone had returned quietly. Miss Keene had bit her lip and dropped the subject. At their next meeting Hurlstone himself resumed it. "I hope you don't allow that absurd decree of the Council to disturb you; I imagine they're quite convinced of their folly. I know that the Padre is; and I know that he thinks you've earned a right to the gratitude of the Council in your gracious task at the Presidio school that is far beyond any fancied political service." "I really haven't thought about it at all," said Miss Keene, coolly. "I thought it was *you* who were annoyed." "I? not at all," returned Hurlstone, quickly. "I have been able to assist the Padre in arranging the ecclesiastical archives of the Church, and in suggesting some improvement in codifying the ordinances of the last forty years. No; I believe I'm earning my living here, and I fancy they think so." "Then it isn't *that* that troubles you?" said Miss Keene, carelessly, but glancing at him under the shade of her lashes. "No," he said coldly, turning away.

Yet unsatisfactory as the brief interviews were, they revived in Miss Keene the sympathising curiosity and interest she had always felt for this singular man, and which had been only held in abeyance at the beginning of their exile; in fact, she found herself thinking of him more during the interval when they seldom saw each other, and apparently had few interests in common, than when they were aboard of the Excelsior. Gradually she slipped into three successive phases of feeling towards him, each of them marked with an equal degree of peril to her peace of mind. She began with a profound interest in the mystery of his secluded habits, his strange abstraction, and a recognition of the evident superiority of a nature capable of such deep feeling—uninfluenced by those baser distractions which occupied Brace, Crosby, and Winslow. This phase passed into a settled conviction that some woman was at the root of his trouble, and responsible for it. With an instinctive distrust of her own sex she was satisfied that it must be either a misplaced or unworthy attachment, and that the unknown woman was to blame. This second phase—which hovered between compassion and resentment—suddenly changed to the latter—

the third phase of her feelings. Miss Keene became convinced that Mr. Hurlstone had a settled aversion to herself. Why and wherefore she did not attempt to reason, yet she was satisfied that from the first he disliked her. His studious reserve on the Excelsior, compared with the attentions of the others, ought to then have convinced her of the fact; and there was no doubt now that his present discontent could be traced to the unfortunate circumstances that brought them together. Having given herself up to that idea, she vacillated between a strong impulse to inform him that she knew his real feelings and an equally strong instinct to avoid him hereafter entirely. The result was a feeble compromise. On the ground that Mr. Hurlstone could "scarcely be expected to admire her inferior performances," she declined to invite him with Father Esteban to listen to her pupils. Father Esteban took a huge pinch of snuff, examined Miss Keene attentively, and smiled a sad smile. The next day he begged Hurlstone to take a volume of old music to Miss Keene with his compliments. Hurlstone did so, and for some reason exerted himself to be agreeable. As he made no allusion to her rudeness, she presumed he did not know of it, and speedily forgot it herself. When he suggested a return visit to the boy choir, with whom he occasionally practised, she blushed and feared she had scarcely the time. But she came with Mrs. Markham, some consciousness, and a visible colour!

And then, almost without her knowing how or why, and entirely unexpected and unheralded, came a day so strangely and unconsciously happy, so innocently sweet and joyous that it seemed as if all the other days of her exile had only gone before to create it, and as if it—and it alone—were a sufficient reason for her being there. A day full of gentle intimations, laughing suggestions, child-like surprises and awakenings; a day delicious for the very incompleteness of its vague happiness. And this remarkable day was simply marked in Mrs. Markham's diary as follows:—"Went with E. to Indian village; met Padre and J. H." J. H. actually left shell and crawled on beach with E. E. chatty."

The day itself had been singularly quiet and gracious, even for that rare climate of balmy days and recuperating nights. At times the slight breath of the sea which usually stirred the morning air of Todos Santos was suspended and a hush of expectation seemed to arrest land and water. When Miss Keene and Mrs. Markham left the Presidio, the tide was low, and their way lay along the beach past the Mission walls. A walk of two or three miles brought them to the Indian village—properly a suburban quarter of Todos Santos—a collection of adobe huts and rudely cultivated fields. Padre Esteban and Mr. Hurlstone were awaiting them in the palm-thatched verandah of a more pretentious cabin that served as a school-room. "This is Don Diego's design," said the Padre, beaming with a certain paternal pride on Hurlstone, "built by himself and helped by the heathen; but look you: my gentleman is not satisfied with it, and wishes now to bring his flock to the Mission school, and have them mingle with the pure-blooded races on an equality. That is the revolutionary idea of this *sans culotte* reformer," continued the good Father, shaking his yellow finger with gentle archness at the young man. "Ah, we shall yet have a revolution in Todos Santos unless you ladies take him in hand. He has already brought the half-breeds over to his side, and those heathens follow him like dumb cattle anywhere. There, take him away and scold him, Doña Leonor, while I speak to the Señora Markham of the work that her good heart and skilful fingers may do for my poor muchachos."

Eleanor Keene lifted her beautiful eyes to Hurlstone with an artless tribute in their depths that brought the blood faintly into his cheek. She was not thinking of the priest's admonishing words, she was thinking of the quiet, unselfish work that this gloomy misanthrope had been doing while his companions had been engaged in lower aims and listless pleasures, and while she herself had been aimlessly fretting and diverting herself. What were her few hours of applauded instruction with the pretty Murillo-like children of the Fort compared to his silent and unrecognised labour? Yet, even at this moment, an uneasy doubt crossed her mind.

"I suppose Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb interest themselves greatly in your—in the Padre's charities?"

The first playful smile she had seen on Hurlstone's face lightened in his eyes and lips, and was becoming. "I am afraid my barbarians are too low and too near home for Mrs. Brimmer's missionary zeal. She and Miss Chubb patronise the Mexican school with cast-off dresses, old bonnets retrimmed, flannel petticoats, some old novels and books of poetry—of which the Padre makes an auto-da-fé—and their own patronising presence on fête days. Providence has given them the vague impression that leprosy, and contagious skin disease, are a peculiarity of the southern aborigine, and they have left me severely alone."

"I wish you would prevail upon the Padre to let me help you," said Miss Keene, looking down.

"But you already have the Commander's chickens—which you are bringing up as swans, by-the-way," said Hurlstone, mischievously. "You wouldn't surely abandon the nest again?"

"You are laughing at me," said Miss Keene, putting on a slight pout to hide the vague pleasure that Hurlstone's gayer manner was giving her. "But, really, I've been thinking that the Presidio children are altogether too pretty and picturesque for me, and that I enjoy them too much to do them any good. It's like playing with them, you know!"

Hurlstone laughed, but suddenly looking down upon her face he was struck with its youthfulness. She had always impressed him before—through her reserve and independence—as older, and more matured in character. He did not know how lately she was finding her lost youth as he asked her, quite abruptly, if she ever had any little brothers and sisters.

The answer to this question involved the simple story of Miss Keene's life, which she gave with naïve detail. She told him of her early childhood, and the brother who was only an indistinct memory; of her schooldays, and her friendships up to the moment of her first step into the great world that was so strangely arrested at Todos Santos. He was touched with the almost pathetic blankness of this virgin page. Encouraged by his attention, and perhaps feeling a sympathy she had lately been longing for, she confessed to him the thousand little things which she had reserved from even Mrs. Markham during her first apathetic weeks at Todos Santos. "I'm sure I should have been much happier if I had had anyone to talk to," she added, looking up into his face with a naïveté of faint reproach; "it's very different for men, you know. They can always distract themselves with something. Although," she continued, hesitatingly, "I've sometimes thought you would have been happier if you had had somebody to tell your troubles to—I don't mean the Padre; for, good as he is, he is a foreigner, you know, and wouldn't look upon things as we do—but someone in sympathy with you."

She stopped, alarmed at the change of expression in his face. A quick flush had crossed his cheek; for an instant he had looked suspiciously into her questioning eyes. But the next moment the idea of his quietly selecting this simple, unsophisticated girl as the confidant of his miserable marriage, and the desperation that had brought him there, struck him as

being irresistibly ludicrous; and he smiled. It was the first time that the habitual morbid intensity of his thoughts on that one subject had ever been disturbed by reaction; it was the first time that a clear ray of reason had pierced the gloom in which he had enwrapped it. Seeing him smile, the young girl smiled too. Then they smiled together vaguely and sympathetically, as over some unspoken confidence. But, unknown and unsuspected by himself, that smile had completed his emancipation and triumph. The next moment, when he sought with a conscientious sigh to re-enter his old mood he was half shocked to find it gone. Whatever gradual influence—the outcome of these few months of rest and repose—may have already been at work to dissipate his clouded fancy, he was only vaguely conscious that the laughing breath of the young girl had blown it away for ever.

The perilous point passed, unconsciously to both of them, they fell into freer conversation, tacitly avoiding the subject of Mr. Hurlstone's past reserve only as being less interesting. Hurlstone did not return Miss Keene's confidences—not because he wished to deceive her, but that he preferred to entertain her; while she did not care to know his secret now that it no longer affected their sympathy in other things. It was a pleasant innocent selfishness, that, however, led them along, step by step, to more uncertain and difficult ground.

In their idle happy walk they had strayed towards the beach, and had come upon a large stone cross with its base half hidden in sand, and covered with small tenacious sweet-scented creepers, bearing a pale lilac blossom, that exhaled a mingled odour of sea and shore. Hurlstone pointed out the cross as one of the earliest outposts of the Church on the edge of the unclaimed heathen wilderness. It was hung with strings of gaudy shells and feathers, which Hurlstone explained were votive offerings in which their pagan superstitions still mingled with their new faith. "I don't like to worry that good old Padre," he continued, with a slight smile; "but I'm afraid that they prefer this cross to the chapel, for certain heathenish reasons of their own. I am quite sure that they still hold some obscure rites here under the good Father's very nose, and that, in the guise of this emblem of our universal faith, they worship some deity we have no knowledge of."

"It's a shame," said Miss Keene, quickly. To her surprise, Hurlstone did not appear so shocked as she, in her belief of his religious sympathy with the Padre, had imagined.

"They're a harmless race," he said, carelessly. "The place is much frequented by the children—especially the young girls; a good many of these offerings came from them."

The better to examine these quaint tributes, Miss Keene had thrown herself, with an impulsive, girlish abandonment, on the mound by the cross, and Hurlstone sat down beside her. Their eyes met in an innocent pleasure of each other's company. She thought him very handsome in the dark, half-official Mexican dress, that necessity alone had obliged him to assume, and much more distinguished-looking than his companions in their extravagant foppery; he thought her beauty more youthful and artless than he had imagined it to be, and with his older and graver experiences felt a certain protecting superiority that was pleasant and reassuring.

Nevertheless, seated so near each other, they were very quiet. Hurlstone could not tell whether it was the sea or the flowers, but the dress of the young girl seemed to exhale some subtle perfume of her own freshness that half took away his breath. She had scraped up a handful of sand, and was allowing it to escape through her slim fingers in a slender rain on the ground. He was watching the operation with what he began to fear was fatuous imbecility.

"Miss Keene?—I beg your pardon?"

"Mr. Hurlstone?—Excuse me, you were saying?"

They had both spoken at the same moment, and smiled forgivingly at each other. Hurlstone gallantly insisted upon the precedence of her thought—the scamp had doubted the coherency of his own.

"I used to think," she began—"you won't be angry, will you?"

"Decidedly not."

"I used to think you had an idea of becoming a priest?"

"Why?"

"Because—you are sure you won't be angry?—because I thought you hated women!"

"Father Esteban is a priest," said Hurlstone, with a faint smile, "and you know he thinks kindly of your sex."

"Yes; but perhaps his life was never spoiled by some wicked woman—like—like yours."

For an instant he gazed intently into her eyes.

"Who told you that?"

"No one."

She was evidently speaking the absolute truth. There was no deceit or suppression in her clear gaze; if anything, only the faintest look of wonder at his astonishment. And he—this jealously guarded secret, the curse of his whole wretched life had been guessed by this simple girl, without comment, without reserve, without horror! And there had been no scene, no convulsion of Nature, no tragedy; he had not thrown himself into yonder sea; she had not fled from him shrinking, but was sitting there opposite to him in gentle smiling expectation, the golden light of Todos Santos around them, a bit of bright ribbon shining in her dark hair, and he, miserable outcast and recluse, had not even changed his position, but was looking up without tremulousness or excitement, and smiling, too!

He raised himself suddenly on his knee, "And what if it were all true?" he demanded.

"I should be very sorry for you, and glad it were all over now," she said softly. A faint, pink flush covered her cheek the next moment, as if she had suddenly become aware of another meaning in her speech, and she turned her head hastily towards the village. To her relief she discerned that a number of Indian children had approached them from behind, and had halted a few paces from the cross. Their hands were full of flowers and shells as they stood hesitatingly watching the couple.

"They are some of the school children," said Hurlstone, in answer to her inquiring look; "but I can't understand why they come here so openly."

"Oh, don't scold them!" said Eleanor, forgetting her previous orthodox protest; "let us go away and pretend we don't notice them." But as she was about to rise to her feet the hesitation of the little creatures ended in a sudden advance of the whole body, and before she comprehended what they were doing they had pressed the whole of their floral tributes in her lap. The colour rose again quickly to her laughing face as she looked at Hurlstone.

"Do you usually get up this pretty surprise for visitors?" she said, hesitatingly.

"I assure you I have nothing to do with it," he answered with frank amazement; "it's quite spontaneous. And look—they are even decorating me."

It was true; they had thrown a half-dozen strings of shells on Hurlstone's unresisting shoulders, and, unheeding the few words he laughingly addressed them in their own dialect, they ran off a few paces and remained standing, as if gravely contemplating their work. Suddenly, with a little outcry of

terror, they turned, fled wildly past them, and disappeared in the bushes.

Miss Keene and Hurlstone rose at the same moment, but the young girl, taking a step forward, suddenly staggered, and was obliged to clasp one of the arms of the cross to keep herself from falling. Hurlstone sprang to her side.

"Are you ill?" he asked, hurriedly. "You are quite white. What is the matter?"

A smile crossed her colourless face. "I am certainly very giddy; everything seems to tremble."

"Perhaps it is the flowers," he said, anxiously. "Their heavy perfume in this close air affects you. Throw them away, for Heaven's sake!"

But she clutched them tighter to her heart as she leaned for a moment, pale yet smiling, against the cross. "No, no!" she said, earnestly; "it was not that. But the children were frightened, and their alarm terrified me. There, it is over now."

She let him help her to her seat again as he glanced hurriedly around him. It must have been sympathy with her, for he was conscious of a slight vertigo himself. The air was very close and still. Even the pleasant murmur of the waves had ceased.

"How very low the tide is!" said Eleanor Keene, resting her elbow on her knees and her round chin upon her hand. "I wonder if that could have frightened these dear little midgets?" The tide, in fact, had left the shore quite bare and muddy for nearly a quarter of a mile to seaward. Hurlstone arose, with grave eyes but a voice that was unchanged.

"Suppose we inquire? Lean on my arm, and we'll go up the hill towards the Mission garden. Bring your flowers with you."

The colour had quite returned to her cheek as she leant on his proffered arm. Yet perhaps she was really weaker than she knew, for he felt the soft pressure of her hand and the gentle abandonment of her figure against his own as they moved on. But for some preoccupying thought, he might have yielded more completely to the pleasure of that innocent contact and have drawn her closer towards him; yet they moved steadily on, he contenting himself from time to time with a hurried glance at the downcast fringes of the eyes beside him. Presently he stopped, his attention disturbed by what appeared to be the fluttering of a black-winged, red-crested, bird in the bushes before him. The next moment he discovered it to be the little rose-covered head of Doña Isabel, who was running towards them. Eleanor withdrew her arm from Hurlstone's.

"Ah, imbecile!" said Doña Isabel, pouncing upon Eleanor Keene like an affectionate panther. "They have said you were on the seashore, and I fly for you as a bird. Tell to me quick," she whispered, hastily putting her own little brown ear against Miss Keene's mouth, "*inmediatamente*, are you much happy?"

"Where is Mr. Brace?" said Miss Keene, trying to effect a diversion, as she laughed and struggled to get free from her tormentor.

"He, the idiot boy! Naturally, when he is for use, he comes not. But as a maniac—ever! I would that I have him not more. You will to me presently give your—brother! I have since to day a *presentimiento* that him I shall love! Ah!" She pressed her little brown fist, still tightly clutching her fan, against her low bodice, as if already transfixed with a secret and absorbing passion.

"Well, you shall have Dick then," said Miss Keene, laughing; "but was it for that you were seeking me?"

"Mother of God! you know not then what has happened? You are a blind—a deaf—to but one thing all the time? Ah!" she said quickly, unfolding her fan and modestly diving her little head behind it, "I have ashamed for you, Miss Keene."

"But *what* has happened?" said Hurlstone, interposing to relieve his companion. "We fancied something?"

"Something! he says something!—ah! that something was a *temblor*! An earthquake! The earth has shaken himself! Look!"

She pointed with her fan to the shore, where the sea had suddenly returned in a turbulence of foam and billows that was breaking over the base of the cross they had just quitted.

Miss Keene drew a quick sigh. Doña Isabel had ducked again modestly behind her fan, but this time dragging with her other arm Miss Keene's head down to share its discreet shadow as she whispered, "And—infatuated one!—you two never noticed it!"

(To be continued.)

The Church of St. Mark, Manningham, near Bradford, has lately been enriched by the addition of a Munich stained-glass window, by Messrs. Mayer and Co., in memory of the late Mr. F. W. Anderton, of Bolton Royd.

Dr. Francis Imlach has been presented with a cheque for £600 by his friends as an expression of their appreciation of the valuable services which he has rendered in the capacity of honorary surgeon to the Hospital for Women, Liverpool.

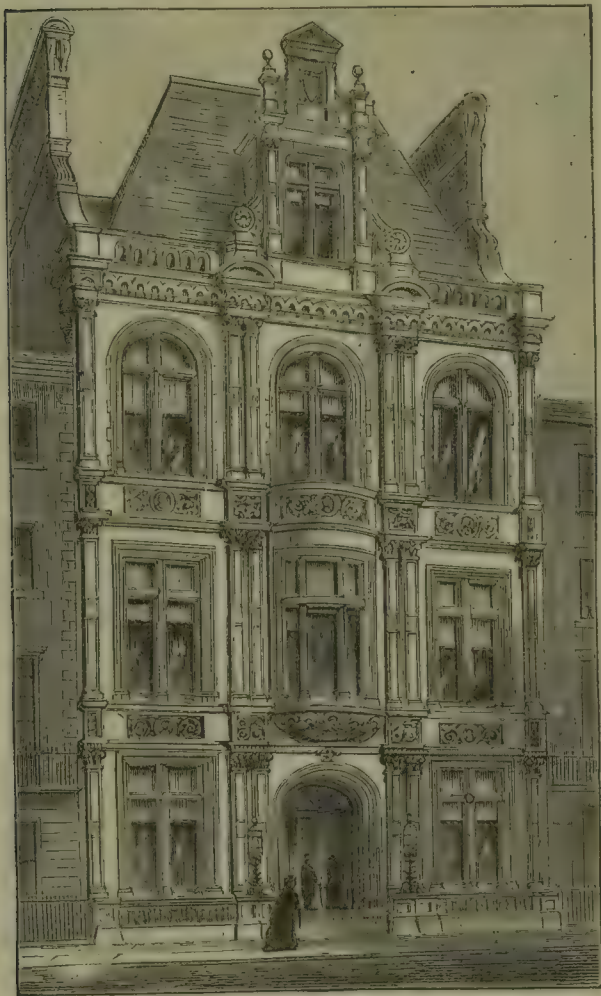
The Wreck Commissioners decided last week that the Ada Melmore was in fault for the collision with the Kapunda, by which nearly three hundred lives were lost; and they suspended the captain's certificate for two years, granting him, meanwhile, a first mate's certificate. The chief officer of the Kapunda was commended.

The Bishopric of Jerusalem, the presentment to which is taken alternately by the Emperor of Germany and the British Government, having been vacant for several years, on account of the refusal of the Emperor to nominate anyone to the See, the appointment has lapsed to the British Government, who have selected the Ven. Archdeacon Blyth, D.D., for the vacant Bishopric. The consecration took place at Lambeth Palace, performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by other prelates.

The first meeting of the London Commission for the Melbourne Centennial International Exhibition was recently held at the offices of the Agent-General for Victoria, Sir Graham Berry presiding. Mr. Childers, M.P., was amongst those present. The Chairman said that it was the intention of the Victorian Government to hold an exhibition of an international character on a very extensive scale in Melbourne next year, commencing Aug. 1, in commemoration of the centennial of the first settlement in Australia. The present permanent buildings erected for the 1880 Exhibition will be added to by annexes, the total area proposed to be covered amounting to over 1,000,000 ft. It was of immense importance to British manufacturers to be well represented at the Exhibition. The Hon. Alfred Deakin said the Exhibition was looked upon in the Colonies as a very fit and proper manner of keeping the centenary of Australia, and a determined effort was being made by all industrial bodies to make this Exhibition even a greater success than the one in 1880. It was determined that a deputation should wait upon Sir Henry Holland, at the Colonial Office, and ask him to appoint a Royal Commission for the United Kingdom. Steps were also initiated for asking the Foreign Office to communicate with foreign Powers, India, and the Colonies inviting them to take part in the Exhibition.

THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

On Wednesday week, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud, performed the ceremony of opening the new building of the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury-square, removed from Queen's-square. This institution was founded about forty years ago "to advance the cause of education, especially among the middle classes; to train the teacher; to examine him in his personal knowledge, his professional method, his actual results—to examine the teacher, and to examine the taught." The charter enables the College to hold two classes of examination: First, that of teachers of both sexes, to ascertain their qualifications and fitness to take part in the work of instruction; and secondly, that of pupils, to test their progress, and to afford at once to the teacher and the public a satisfactory criterion of the value of the instruction they receive. Diplomas of three grades—Associate, Licentiate, and Fellow—are granted by the College, the latter two corresponding as nearly as possible to those required for an Ordinary and an Honours degree in Arts at the Universities. The work done by the College has been considerable. Last year 15,000 candidates were examined for teachers' certificates. Three thousand eight hundred schools, both public and private, in all parts of the kingdom, are brought under the influence of the College examinations. The higher certificates awarded at the half-yearly examinations are recognised by professional



THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS, BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE.
NEW BUILDING OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

authorities, such as the General Medical Council, as guarantees of a good general education; and the holders of these certificates, who mean to take up Law or Medicine as their profession, are exempt from the preliminary literary examinations held by the Incorporated Law Society and the Medical Corporations. Anticipating the Universities, the College instituted in 1873 a Professorship of the Science and Art of Education.

The College stands on the south side of Bloomsbury-square, and the main block of buildings contains the rooms devoted to the general work of the College and the accommodation of the members, while there is a wing in Southampton-street intended for the work in connection with the pupils' examinations. The architect is Mr. F. Pinches. The building and its fittings have cost £15,000. The funds which have accumulated in the hands of the treasurer amount to £16,000, leaving a balance in hand. The style of the new building is Renaissance freely handled. The ground floor is a few steps above the ground-line, and the facade, which has a breadth of 46 ft., rises to the height of three storeys. The depth from front to back is 87 ft. The entrance corridor is wide and lofty. On one side of it is a fine general or club room for members, and on the other side are the secretary's and the clerks' rooms. The council-room is of handsome dimensions and proportions. The ceiling is panelled and picked out in colour, and the walls are lined to a height of 6 ft. with a polished oak panelled dado. The remainder is hung with hand-painted Tyne-castle tapestry finished in rich lacquer. Annexed are two smaller rooms, one for the committee, and the other for the officers of the College. The chimney-pieces are of carved oak, and have been executed with great skill by the School of Wood-carving at South Kensington. The second floor is wholly devoted to the lecture-hall, which attains a square of 42 ft. on each side. Around it are oak book-cases, adapting it also to the purposes of a library. It is well lighted by five windows. Its roof is supported on massive carved wood ribs, carried on stone corbels, the interspaces between the ribs being divided into panels. The central portion is raised into a square lantern, glazed at the sides with cathedral-tinted glass, and surrounded on the exterior by an outer glazing, by which means a pleasant subdued light adds to the general effect. The height of the hall to the crown of the lantern is 30 ft.; and the book-cases are capable of containing 10,000 volumes. The artificial lighting is by gas throughout the building, the brackets and gaseliers being of hammered iron of elegant designs. The balustrades of the stairs are also of hammered iron, floral in device, and remarkably well executed. These stairs form a notable feature in the new edifice; they are lighted by eight windows, filled in with tinted glass. At the foot of the stairs, on a pedestal, is placed a fine bust, by Mr. Ledwood, of the late Alexander Kennedy Isbister, who was Dean of the College from 1873 to 1883.

The opening ceremony, performed by the Prince of Wales, took place at one o'clock. Their Royal Highnesses were

received by the President of the council (the Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake, D.D., late Head Master of Rugby School), the Vice-Presidents (Dr. Wormell, Canon Daniel, and Mr. J. Stewart), the Dean (Mr. H. Weston Eve), the chairman of the building committee (Sir Philip Magnus), the secretary, and the architect. A bouquet was presented to the Princess of Wales by Mrs. Alfred Buxton, daughter of the president. In the reception-room, a large company of ladies and gentlemen had assembled, among them Bishop Mitchinson, Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., Viscount Lymington, M.P., Mr. Bartley, M.P., the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, the Presidents of the Medical Council, Pharmaceutical Society, and Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, the Head-Masters of Harrow, Charterhouse, Merchant Taylors', Marlborough, Dulwich, and Christ's Hospital, the Chairman of the London School Board, Mrs. and Miss Goschen, the Rev. W. Rogers, Lady Davey and Miss Davey, Lady Clarke, Sir Philip Magnus, Mr. Jex-Blake, Mr. E. Pinches (treasurer), the Board of examiners, and members of the council. The room was handsomely decorated with ferns, flowering plants, and trophies of flags. While the Royal party were proceeding up the staircase, the band played the National Anthem. The proceedings were brief and simple. A prayer was offered by Bishop Mitchinson; Dr. Jex-Blake read an address to the Prince of Wales; his Royal Highness was presented by Sir Philip Magnus with a gold key, and made a short speech, commending the good work of the College of Preceptors, and expressing his own satisfaction, and that of the Princess, in being present. The Dean of the College, Mr. H. Weston Eve, thanked their Royal Highnesses, who were afterwards conducted by Sir Philip Magnus through the building. Flags were displayed in Bloomsbury-square and Hart-street in honour of the Royal visitors.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The Sunny Month of May" is a setting of words from Heine, by Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), in which a melody of essentially vocal character is allied to a well-written accompaniment, the harmonies of which display cultivated musicianship. It is a song which will doubtless find many admirers for its intrinsic musical merit. The original text, "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," is given, together with a good English version by Miss F. J. Ferrari.

"A Dear Wife," song, by A. C. Mackenzie, also published by Boosey and Co., has a distinctive touch of the Scottish style in the rhythm of its melody, in which the quaint sentiment of the words is well expressed. "The World of Dreams," by F. H. Cowen (from the same publishers), is a song in which a serious tone of feeling is realised without monotony; the melody (of a somewhat hymn-like character) being supported by a well-varied accompaniment. From the same source we have two songs by J. L. Molloy, the first of which, "The Lads in Red," is written, as well as composed, by him. It is a spirited piece, in which a martial tone is well preserved. "Dream Stars," the other song by Mr. Molloy, is in the waltz style; a pretty tripping melody being allied to words of a sentimental character that would perhaps have been better suited to music of a less volatile style. Mr. F. L. Moir's song, "The Land of Little People," although simple in the voice part and the accompaniment, is pleasing and expressive, an intermediate change of key and tempo relieving it from monotony. "Call Me Back," by L. Denzo, is suave and flowing in the vocal melody. In the accompaniment at the bottom of page 3 (and in the corresponding passage further on) an accidental E natural appears to be wanting. "It Could Not Be," by Hope Temple, is a song in a bright and piquant style; "Don't Quite Forget," by Edith Cooke, being of a sentimental kind, each having a well-marked melody. All the pieces just referred to are published by Messrs. Boosey and Co. "Memory's Solace," by E. F. Lowthorpe, has a simple but expressive melody, set off with an appropriate accompaniment. Messrs. Chappell and Co. are the publishers.

Twelve songs, by F. H. Cowen (Joseph Williams, Berners-street). "We have here a collection of charming vocal pieces—with pianoforte accompaniment—by one of the most successful composers of the day. Mr. Cowen's drawing-room music is distinguished by grace and refinement of melody; with small demands on executive skill, he yet invests his songs with a pleasing interest and an artistic touch that elevate them far above the mediocrity which characterises a large proportion of the music of the day. The songs now referred to are settings of words by Longfellow, S. Doudney, George Eliot, Barry Cornwall, Whyte Melville, Christina Rossetti, and Owen Meredith. The sentiments of the respective texts are of varied character, and the music in each instance is happily reflective thereof. The series cannot fail to be widely welcomed wherever graceful vocal music is appreciated.

"Myonie" Waltz, by Kathleen Thorne (Marriott and Williams), is a very graceful piece, in which a dance form that has been worked almost threadbare is maintained in a pleasing and interesting manner. The prominence given to the leading melody alternately in the left and right hands is very effective.

Sonata in E flat for the pianoforte, by W. A. Blakeley (Weekes and Co.), an "Allegro con brio," an "Andante cantabile," and a final "Rondo," each contain some good passage-writing in the florid style; this feature, indeed, being somewhat too prevalent, to the hindrance of a needful occasional repose. Perhaps the most pleasing movement is the Rondo, which is based on a graceful theme, and is well sustained.

Mr. Arthur Pearson Luff has been appointed to the chair of Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology, in St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, vacated by the resignation of Dr. Randall.

Owing to the death of Mr. Thomas Watson, M.P., Mr. Bright has accepted an invitation to preside at the centenary conference of the Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire Baptist Association of Sunday Schools, at Rochdale, in Whit week.

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SILVER PLATE FOR OFFICERS' MESS, 32ND PUNJAB PIONEERS.

The silver cup to be presented to the officers' mess of the 32nd Punjab Pioneers, in commemoration of the services of that regiment on the Hurnai Valley Railway, North-west Frontier of India, has been manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, from an original design submitted by the company. The cup is of tazza form, with a bill-shaped stem, standing on a quadrilateral base, with semicircular corners, on which are placed four figures, representing soldiers in the full-service costume of the 32nd Punjab Pioneers. The artist, while faithfully depicting the pose of the figures and the expression of the faces, has also caught the characteristics of a Sikh soldier, even to the way in which whiskers and moustache are wound into one, and the distinctive manner the pugaree is tied. On the front of the plinth is a shield bearing the following inscription:—Presented to the Officers' Mess, 32nd Punjab Pioneers, in commemoration of the services of the regiment on the Hurnai Valley Railway, 1884-5. The reverse has a similar shield with the regimental badge and the names of the following officers: Colonel H. St. G. Tucker, C.B., Major T. Nicholls, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir B. Bromhead, Bart., Lieutenant-Colonel C. N. Hodgson, Captain C. Hogge, Lieutenant E. De Bathe, Lieutenant H. R. Brander, Surgeon-Major H. K. McKay, Lieutenant P. J. Gordon,



SILVER CENTREPIECE FOR OFFICERS' MESS, 32ND PUNJAB PIONEERS.

Lieutenant H. Borradaile, Lieutenant G. L. Holland, Surgeon G. S. Griffiths. On the obverse and reverse of the bowl are classic shields, bearing views of the country along the line of route, which are artistically executed in the finest style of repoussé workmanship, and are surrounded by suitable borders richly chased and embossed. Springing from the sides are two exceedingly graceful scroll-work handles, in the interlacing of which are introduced masks and other ornaments. The cover is surmounted by a group, beautifully modelled and artistically chased, representing miners preparing to blast rock. The design and general execution are highly creditable to the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.

The Hon. P. O. Fysh, member of the Tasmanian Legislative Council, has succeeded in constituting a Cabinet. Mr. Fysh takes the post of Premier and Chief Secretary; Mr. Braddon is Minister of Lands, Works, and Mines; Mr. Bird, Treasurer; and Mr. Clarke, Attorney-General.

A petition has been signed for presentation to the Home Secretary by a large number of influential bankers, shipowners, merchants, and others in the City on behalf of Messrs. Marsden and Barber, late Directors of the Great Eastern Steamship Company. The grounds of petition are that in the belief of the petitioners the defendants had no intention to defraud any one, and that the transaction as to payment of commission was in no wise exceptional.

Last week the Duke of Westminster, accompanied by the Duchess, opened a block of dwellings for the working classes, being the first of nine blocks to be erected on the Grosvenor estate, between Oxford-street and Grosvenor-square. A large company was present. The Duke of Westminster said that it would be his pleasure, as he felt also it would be his duty, as leases fell in, to place other sites at the disposal of Sir S. Waterlow's or some other company for working-men's dwellings.

At a special court of assistants of the Sons of the Clergy Corporation, recently held, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place, the first applications for aid from the fund now being raised by this society for the benefit of clergymen suffering loss in connection with glebe or tithe were considered. The cases presented were all of an urgent nature; but to some of them the fund was held to be inapplicable, the distress being either chronic in character or due to losses not connected with glebe or tithe. In most instances, however, grants were made, varying in amount from £33 to £200, to be applied to such purposes as the payment of a life insurance premium or of the instalment of capital and interest falling due on loans raised for the improvement of glebe lands or buildings. The governors desire to invite benefited clergy who are suffering severely by the agricultural depression to send in particulars of their losses for consideration by the committee, either direct to the registrar, at the Corporation House, or through their Archdeacon.



SEAL-HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

NEW BOOKS.

The editor of the Book-Lover's Library, Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, has published a dainty-looking little volume, entitled *The Dedication of Books to Patron and Friend* (Elliot Stock). There is food in it for comment, and perhaps the first thing likely to strike the reader is the unblushing mendacity of many of the dedications. The poets have always been great sinners in this way, and foremost among them stands the great name of Dryden, who, according to Johnson, has never been equalled in servility of adulation since the days in which the Roman Emperors were deified, "except by Afra Behn in an address to Eleanor Gwyn." Poor Nell Gwyn had some generous qualities, but, as everyone knows, they were not qualities to excite reverence; yet, amidst a quantity of equally fulsome praise, Mrs. Behn has the audacity to write:—"So excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the divine powers in this: the offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, while they accept the will alone." To another mistress of Charles II. Otway writes in a style almost equally offensive. In those days, and long afterwards, dedications yielded a very substantial reward. George I. gave Colley Cibber two hundred guineas for one; and Theobald received a hundred pound note from the Earl of Orrery, "enclosed in a box of Egyptian pebble, which was worth some twenty pounds in addition." Thomas Fuller, the pious and witty Church historian, was not ashamed to seek for patronage in this way. When he published his "Pisgah Sight of Palestine," he dedicated each book to the heir of some nobleman, and thus, as he said, planted a "nursery of patrons"; and he followed the same course with his "Church History." A section of one of the books is dedicated to a young lady, who is told that if there is any Latin she cannot read, God will soon give her a consort who will translate it. Of humorous and satirical dedications Mr. Wheatley gives some amusing specimens. Hogarth dedicated his "Analysis of Beauty" to nobody, adding that, "if for once we may suppose nobody to be everybody, as everybody is often said to be nobody, then this work is dedicated to everybody." Lord Beaconsfield inscribed his "Vivian Grey": "To the Best and Greatest of Men. He for whom it is intended will accept and appreciate the compliment. Those for whom it is not intended will do the same." Dr. Johnson, who was not ashamed to write sermons for incompetent clergymen, also wrote dedications for authors who paid him for them, and said "he believed he had dedicated to the Royal family all round." Mr. Wheatley does not, we think, represent Johnson's relations with Lord Chesterfield quite correctly. We fail to see any inconsistency in his conduct; and assuredly a more dignified letter than that which he addressed to Chesterfield was never written. As a happy specimen of humour, the reader may be advised to turn to the dedication of the collected "Essays of Elia," which, by-the-way, is not given by Dr. Ainger in his admirable edition of Lamb; and for soldier-like brevity Napier's dedication of his "History" to the Duke of Wellington cannot be surpassed:—"This 'History' I dedicate to your Grace, because I have served long enough under your command to feel why the soldiers of the Tenth Legion were attached to Cæsar."

Books of travel when well written are always entertaining to the "home-keeping" reader, and we have now before us a volume from the pen of a highly intelligent traveller, the Marquis of Huntly. *Travel, Sport, and Politics in the East of Europe*, with illustrations (Chapman and Hall), should be read with the help of a good atlas, and thus it will be easy to follow the traveller's route, while traversing ground which teems with memories for Englishmen. The

book contains much that will be new to the general reader, and the style, without any attempt at fine writing, is manly and simple. The Marquis, in passing through Bulgaria, records the filthy state of the inns; but cleanliness is by no means a virtue in the East of Europe, as he found upon reaching Constantinople, the joy of the whole earth for beauty of site, and, to quote the author's words, "the foulest den it has ever been my lot to explore." Visiting Sevastopol, the writer found numberless traces of the great war. "On either side of the road through the town are the ruins of the houses destroyed by the bombardment and fire. Nothing has been done to repair them; no steps have been taken to restore the city. The English cemeteries he found in good order, and observes that the pay to the custodian—£25 a year and his house—is not extravagant, even for the British nation! "But the allowance for maintenance is worse; £55 a year is given, and this is hardly sufficient to keep such an extent of walling, together with the obelisks at Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava, in repair, besides the grave-stones." Writing of the Crimea, he observes that the Russian Government puts every obstacle in the way of private enterprise, especially in mining. The Marquis does not think much of Batoum as a free port, and styles it a large bonded store. Articles are cheap in the town, but cannot be carried out of it without a heavy taxation; and Batoum, "one of the worst spots for fever in all these regions," is not fit to live in. The hospitals are full to overflowing, and the Russian soldiers in the town are grossly neglected, badly clothed, and worse fed. While at Batoum the traveller heard of a beetle, the meloe, which is eaten by the natives, throughout the Caucasus, as a cure for hydrophobia. "Surely," he says, "some inquiry should be made to see if there is any truth in the matter." We may add that the political notes in the volume are full of interest to Englishmen. Several of them, indeed, cover old ground; but the writer exercises an independent judgment, although, as some students of Eastern politics may think, not in every case a just one.

SEAL-HUNTING.

The different species of Phoca, or Seal, abounding on many shores of the Arctic Ocean, both in North America and Greenland, and along the north coasts of Europe and Asia, give employment to many hunters, often spoken of as seal-fishers, though everybody knows that this animal is not a fish but a beast. The seal most commonly found in Baffin's Bay, and on the Greenland coast, is covered with grey fur, underneath which is a second coat of finer fur, of high commercial value. Dundee, and several other ports in the north of Scotland and the Orkneys, send out vessels yearly in quest of the sealskins, which make an article of winter dress much in favour with ladies. It forms a considerable branch of trade, and the number of sealskins brought into the United Kingdom has approached in one year three quarters of a million, valued at from £250,000 to £300,000. The blubber of the seal also yields a serviceable kind of oil. The hunting in the Orkneys begins in March or April; but in the Arctic region a month or two later. Shooting is practised by some of the hunters; but the ordinary way of killing seals is by knocking them on the head with a heavy stick, the end of which is armed with iron, having a hook at the extremity, by which, sticking it into the flesh of the carcase, the hunter drags his prey to the boats. Our illustration of this rude scene of slaughter needs no further comment. It is reported from Halifax, Nova Scotia, that a sealing-vessel, a steamer, with two hundred men on board, has been lost on the coast of Labrador.

MISSION TO THE BLIND OF CHINA.

One of the first things which attract the attention of travellers in the densely thronged streets of every great Chinese city, is the enormous proportion of blind beggars, who frequently go about in companies of a dozen or more—literally the blind leading the blind—and assembling at certain spots in clamorous crowds, hungry and almost naked—truly of all men most miserable—the more so as in many cases their blindness is due to their being lepers. Since in favoured England, where the ravages of small-pox and ophthalmia are so effectually kept in check, there are nearly 40,000 blind persons, and since Britain is just about the size of the smallest of the Eighteen Provinces of China, we can understand that 500,000 is a very moderate estimate for the blind of that vast Empire.

Up to the present time scarcely any effort has been made to bring one ray of gladness to brighten these dreary lives. Now, however, a star of hope has arisen on their dark horizon in that, thanks to the patient ingenuity of Mr. W. H. Murray, a Scotch working-man, Braille's system of embossed dots for the use of the blind has been so successfully applied to the execrable Chinese language that, whereas an intelligent Chinaman with the full use of his eyes generally requires about six years of study ere he can master the 4000 intricate characters which he must recognise at sight before he can read such a book as the Bible, any ignorant blind beggar taken off the streets can now be taught to read fluently in less than two months.

Writing and musical notation are acquired with equal facility, and thus within six months many wretched blind beggars have already been transformed into most valuable assistant colporteurs.

I would earnestly ask all who take any interest either in the blind, or in Chinese missions, to refer to my account of the Blind School at Peking, in my "Wanderings in China."

Hitherto, the work has been crippled in its cradle for want of funds, its development having been limited to what could be accomplished by the continual self-denial of the inventor, who for sixteen years has taxed his slender salary to the uttermost. Now it is very desirable that he should be enabled to train many teachers gifted with sight who may be employed by the various missions in all parts of the Empire. One such head-teacher in each district could there found a blind school, and train Chinese Scripture-readers and others, and thus the work may be ceaselessly extended.

This new mission will certainly appeal as no other has yet done to two of the strongest characteristics of China's millions—namely, their reverence for pure benevolence and their veneration for the power of reading. Unfortunately, no existing society is in a position to father this enterprise. It therefore rests with the public to make it possible for Mr. Murray to devote his remaining days to transmitting to others this knowledge, which he alone possesses, and to the preparation of books for the use of so large a number of our suffering fellow-men. We have heard a great deal this year about Jubilee offerings. I now appeal to the great reading public, many of whom have kindly and cordially expressed the pleasure they have derived from my notes of travel in many lands, and I ask them to gladden my own Jubilee (May 26, 1837-1887) by making me their almoner, in thus sending light to them that dwell in darkness.

All such donations for the Chinese Blind Mission will be gladly welcomed by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, Glen Earn House, Crieff, Scotland.

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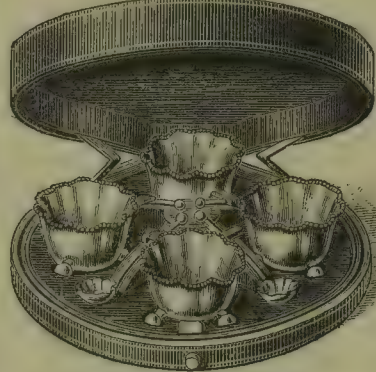
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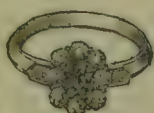
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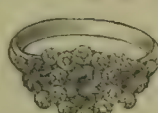
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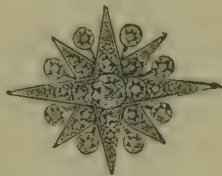


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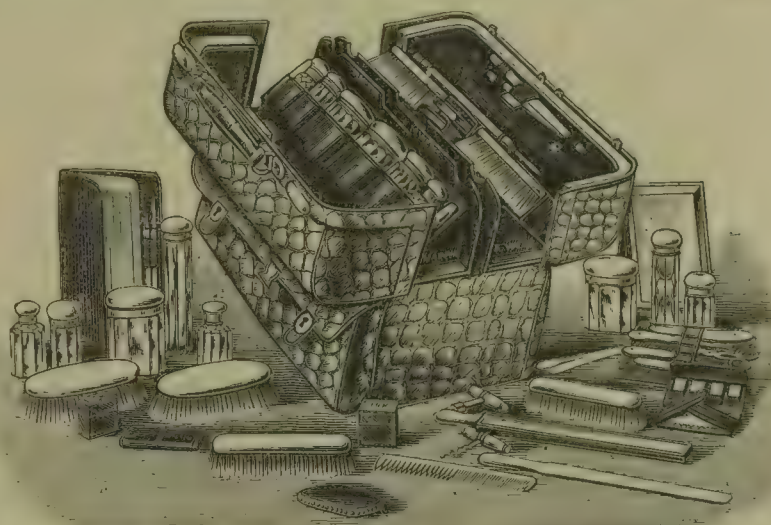
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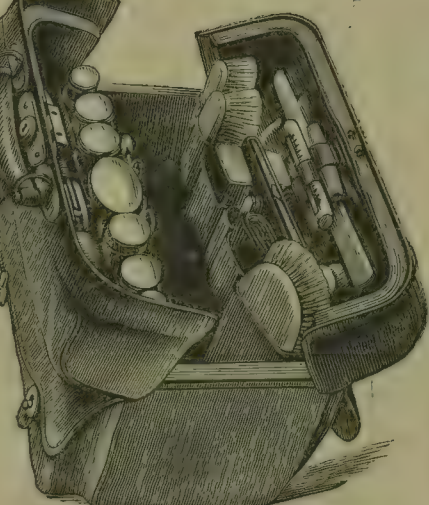
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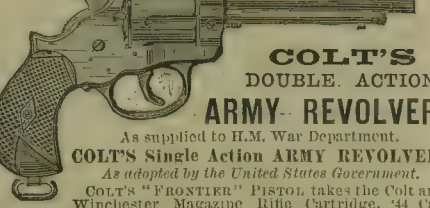
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They say that in summer-time it is overrun with visitors from the watering-places close by—Littlehampton, Bognor, Worthing—Cockneys who wish to pick up some history in the easiest way, by staring at the famous keep. And, as usual, the Cockneys are pretty much in the right. There could be no pleasanter place in which to dream away a summer afternoon, lazy in the soft, south-country air, thinking of the centuries that have been: when we perhaps (according to Rosalind’s theory) were Irish rats, but the old castle looked over the old town. I think good Americans—*really* good ones, the cultured Bostonians of whom Mr. Howells tells us—when they die must go to Arundel.

One’s first view of the castle, if one comes by the train from London, is a noble one. After crossing the wide green plain—cut up with rivers and little streams, and bounded to south and east by the low chalk hills—the railway passes within a few fields of the castle’s main front; where its level line stands out, white beside the dark trees, over the river-meadows. Pennant speaks, with something that is graphic in his heavy Johnsonian phrase, of Arundel Castle “impending nobly over the adjacent meads.” The townsfolk tell you that the ivy, which clung to the walls before the recent alterations, was a great loss; and this may well be believed.

Five minutes or less from the railway station is the river, the alert little Arun, here famous for its mullet. Isaac Walton tells us that “Sussex does boast of several fish; as, namely, a Shelsey cockle, a Chichester lobster, an Arundel mullet, and an Amerly trout.” At the bridge the town proper begins—there has of late years sprung up a small transpontine suburb, but this may be disregarded. Indeed, Arundel was, once of a time, a walled town; and though it be small it has its Mayor, and its Aldermen, and its borough mole-catcher, and everything handsome about it.

The bridge—which bears the inscription “Be true and just in all your dealings”—was built in 1724, at the expense of Edward Duke of Norfolk and the Hon. James Lumly. Its predecessor was a wooden bridge, built, about sixty years earlier, by public subscription—to stimulate which a very vigorous “whip” was found needful. The gifts were some of them in kind—there stand, for example, to the credit of William Bennet, in the bridge-warden’s book, “a fat cow, a fat calf, a fat sheep, and a barrel of strong beer.”

Going on to the main street of the town, one sees, to the right, the grey ruins of the Maison-Dieu, nearly 600 years old; straight ahead, old-fashioned white houses with red roofs, characteristic of Arundel; and, to the left, a scrap of three-cornered market-place, formed by the junction of two streets. (The market-day at Arundel, by-the-bye, has been changed during the present century—a rare thing, I fancy, with these conservative institutions. It used to be held on Wednesdays and Saturdays, but is now on Mondays only.)

The high street runs up a steepish hill. Towards the top, there is a fine block of old or old-fashioned red-brick houses on the left, and, on the right, a high grey wall—still, perhaps, a little too spick and span for the pure picturesque. The view is closed by the sharp turn of the road above, where the Entrance Tower stands out high and clear against the sky, and the wall, with trees bushing over it, sweeps round to the left. No one, I think, ever forgets this corner of Arundel. I remember riding through it, on an August day, perhaps twenty years ago; and can see the great gateway in the sunlight, with the peep of the castle and grounds through its archway, and the white walls, and the turn in the road leading sharp downhill into the town.

Just about this very spot there happened, nearly two centuries and a half ago, one of the quaint little accidents of Charles the Second’s flight from England—all of which he took with such amusing coolness. He was riding with Colonel Gunter (who tells the story) from Hambledon, where they had slept at the house of the Colonel’s sister. They had begun their journey by break of day—“Putting up two neats’ tongues in my pockets, which I thought we might need by the way,” says the good Colonel, “we were no sooner come down

to Arundell-hill, as we rode close by the castle”—which was then held by the Round-heads—but the governor, Captain Morley, mett us full butte, hunting. The Coll., the better to avoid them, presently alighted—it being a steep hill we were to go down—and his company (as was agreed before) did as he did. And so, happily, we escaped them. The King, being told who it was, replied merrily, “I did not like his starched mouchates.” So we came to Howton, where, on horseback, we made a stopp at an alehouse for some bread and drinke; and there our neats’ tongues stood in very good stead, and were heartily eaten.”

The gateway—of Purbeck stone, left in the rough—is a fine entrance to a noble castle. It was built in 1850, by the late Duke of Norfolk, and bears above the archway the arms of Arundel, with the Howard Lion and the Fitzalan Horse for their supporters. Passing beneath it, a road with a low parapet across the little valley, green and beautiful with many kinds of trees, leads to the inner gate-tower. This stands out,



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

square, high and massive, white; somehow it makes one think of the tower before which stood Duncan and his lords, on their visit to Macbeth. Here was once a portcullis, with a drawbridge over the green fosse; but one may hope that the need for these has passed away.

Under the broad entry we pass into a vast quadrangle—the entire buildings of the castle and its belongings are said to cover five acres and a half. The wooded mound from which rises the old keep fills the north-western side of the quadrangle: opposite to it is the side which contains the great doorway and some of the chief rooms; while to the left of this are the Barons’ Hall and the castle chapel, and to the right the library, the billiard-room, and other apartments.

As we stand looking at the rich decoration of the deep Norman doorway, quaint chimneys behind us sound the quarter; we turn and see the square clock-tower, partly built by the first Earl of Arundel, through which till fifty years ago was the principal entrance to the quadrangle. The legend runs that a lamp was knocked off the Queen’s carriage, as it passed through the narrow Norman arch; and a new entrance was thereon determined upon. The old one is a long dim passage, of cool grey-brown stone, shot with a greenish shade by age. At its far end a light from the valley glimmers through; while near to us still hang by the walls the two great wooden doors, of age immeasurable.

The lower part of this clock-tower, including the whole of the covered way, is, indeed, the oldest thing in the castle, except the keep. It is said to have been built by Roger De Montgomery, first Earl of Arundel, and is pure Norman in style. The round arch is without a keystone, and quite plain, except for a square moulding at its spring. It is built of square blocks of stone, quarried at Pulborough, a little town a few miles away. The upper part of the tower is quite modern—by comparison; it was added, most likely, not more than a mere six hundred years ago.

Earl Roger is said to have also been the builder of the barbican, better known as Devis’ Tower, which stands at the north-west corner of the ditch round the keep. This the Earl built for the legendary hero whose name is associated with Arundel—every respectable castle has its legend—the giant, Bevis of Hampton, who condescended to serve as warder of the place. His weekly allowance was two hogsheds of beer, a whole ox, and bread and mustard “in proportion.” He could

wade across the Channel to the Isle of Wight; and the mound in the valley of Pugh Dean (in the park), which is shown as his grave, is not less than thirty feet long. So that if the rooms in his tower seem to be constructed for the use of people of only average size—why, so much the worse for the rooms.

There is a fanciful derivation of the word “Arundel”—which would seem to mean, simply enough, the dell or dale of the river Arun—from the name of Bevis of Hampton’s horse, Hirondele; and, by way of confirmatory evidence, we are told that “heavy waggon-horses in Sussex are still pleasantly called ‘Swallow.’” Which, if it be true—and if Bevis ever existed, and had a horse called Hirondele, and the cart-horses are called “Swallow” on that account—certainly shows a knowledge of foreign tongues for which we should not have given the Sussex ploughman credit.

Returning to our clock-tower, we find beside it a little entry, from which there leads to the keep a narrow winding staircase of stone, the kind of staircase that the traditional “few determined men” could hold against an army—and, there is little doubt, *have* so held, more than once. Yet the light-hearted excursionist, by no means

impressed, has gaily scrawled his autograph on its walls! What *would* impress that excursionist, one wonders?

One thing, perhaps, might give him pause: a sight still to be seen at Arundel, with a gruesome likeness to his own favourite occupation. Here, as in all castles, was once a prison; fifteen feet below the level of the fosse, the dungeon walls still stand on which many a poor wretch has scratched his cry for mercy—“I pray to God if hit him please delivere us all out of distress,” are the words that one has written.

All civil prisoners within the “liberties” of the Earldom, as well as captives of arms, were imprisoned here. A little tower breaks one’s passage up the winding steps; then come more steps, overlooking the grass-grown fosse and the woody mound; and then we reach the great glory of Arundel Castle—the Keep.

High up it stands, its old walls built of small grey stones, with scarce so much as an arrow-slit to let in light and air; partly a ruin, but plainly enough showing its enormous strength. No wonder Saxon and Norman were eager to turn to account such a position, and made it as strong as they could—a sharp fall in the hillside fortified it naturally north-east and south-east; a strong wall protected the south; and on the other side was a deep fosse with a double line of wall.”

It is the crown and summit of a great tree-grown mound, in part natural, in part built up to bear it: a landmark from far away, a look-out from which all the wide country can be seen, spread out like a living map. It is a hundred feet high, mound and walls and battlements altogether, and the walls are from eight to ten feet thick. The circular space which these inclose is over sixty feet across; and the corbelstones, which still remain, show that the rooms of the garrison were ranged round the walls, converging towards the centre, whence came to them all their light and air—for there was no opening of any kind on the outer side.

The age of the keep gives golden opportunities for dry discussion—of which I will not now avail myself, but will refer all who are interested in the matter to the early chapters of Tierney’s huge “History of Arundel,” wherein he proves—to the satisfaction of everybody but his opponents—that this part of the castle dates from the time of the Confessor, at latest. It is mentioned in Domesday Book; and the manor of Arundel—no doubt before the building of the castle—is named in the will of Alfred the Great, who left it to his nephew Athelm.

A wooden gate in a flint-walled passage leads one into the bare space within the round walls of the keep. A patch in the centre is inclosed with old wooden rails, which guard a flag-post, a tree, and a mysterious underground passage. From the flag-post waves the banner which shows that the Duke of Norfolk is at home, and is hoisted at morning and furlled at eventide by the venerable warder. The evergreen tree looks a little lonesome amid the dark masonry; and the subterranean way is one by which the holders of the citadel could escape, when hard pressed, to Amberley Castle, half a dozen miles away.

There is something so picturesque and appropriate in this tradition of the passage, that it is quite a pity it is not true, and the steps lead to nothing but an underground chamber, of about fifteen feet by ten, in which the stores of the garrison were no doubt kept.

As a proof of the theory that the place was of Saxon building is shown the fireplace, called King Alfred’s, of one of the ancient rooms. It is about a storey up in the wall, nearly above the doorway which leads to the well; and in it is seen the Saxon “herring-bone,” made with bricks said to be Roman.

The old Saxon well is perhaps two hundred feet deep, and from it a little staircase, green with age, leads to a bed-room above. They were not particular where they slept in those days, which was one reason why they did not live so long nor grow so big as their descendants of the nineteenth century. There was yet another bed-room higher up, but that was not so bad.

The well-tower was battered down by Waller in 1643, and the well itself thus filled with stones and rubbish higher than the water would flow; it remained dry till about ten years ago, when the Duke had it cleared out. Among other things taken from it was a cartload of large round shot, which are to be seen piled up under the cases which now hold the famous owls. Hard by are some very early guns—it is said that the first cannon seen in England was made near Uckfield, in this county—and at the well-door is another relic of Saxon days, an ancient quern or handmill.

Above the piled-up cannon-balls there sit, as I have said, in solemn state, the noted owls of Arundel; more solemn than ever now, for they are stuffed and motionless. The last of them died in 1863; the noisy stream of watering-place visitors, which had set in of late years, was too much for these stately foreigners. Their ancestors were brought here from America, many years ago; and that they should have lived and bred in captivity is remarkable enough. They inhabited the niches and fire-places of the keep, and while they were alive a netting was spread over it to prevent their escape. They were magnificent creatures—“larger than a turkey,” says a chronicler in their lifetime, “and 4 ft. across their wings.”

The story of the lady-owl, inappropriately christened after the wisest of Judges, of whom it was announced to the Duke that “Lord Thurlo had laid an egg,” is a curious example of the growth and diversification of legends. At least four distinct variants of this story are now extant in guide-books, jest-books, and tradition.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. X.



ARUNDEL CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

The very narrowest of staircases—quite impassable to a moderately stout invader—winds up to the ramparts. When the keep was first built, the only way of annoying assailants was from these ramparts; but there was afterwards added a kind of stone funnel, down which molten lead could very conveniently be poured upon their heads. This was, no doubt, a great improvement.

Walking round these walls, perhaps two hundred feet above the sea, one has a noble view of Sussex and its downs, with the spire of Chichester Cathedral rising westward, Highdown-hill to the south-east, and Burpham and its chalk-cutting further north. Westward is the harbour of Littlehampton; and westerly, but far away, Bognor. The park, with its valleys and wooded hills, lies just beneath one; in the distance is the sea, with shadowy ships, and even on the far horizon the Isle of Wight.

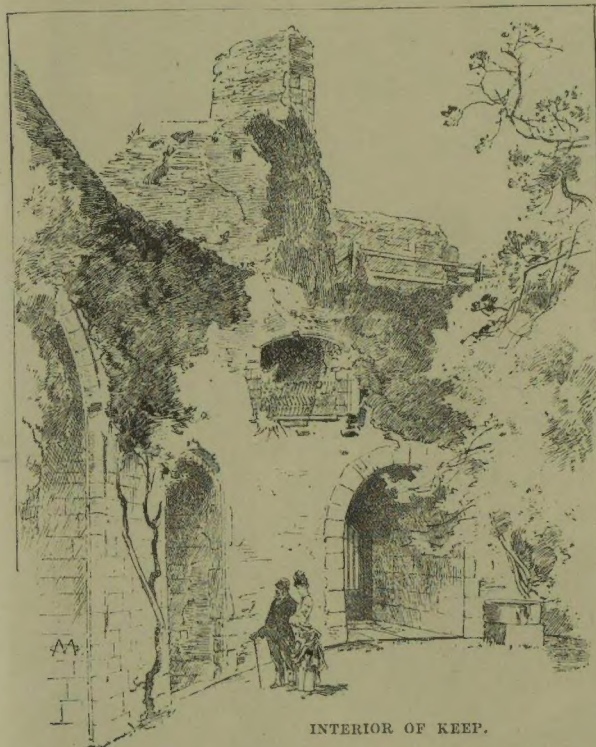
Through the ruined window of St. Martin's Oratory, exactly above the entrance to the keep, one looks across the quadrangle, and has—over its opposite roof—a curious flat view, like some early Dutch picture, of the river, winding towards one through the plain, with a windmill beside it, and a few houses.

The old grey-walled castle-garden stretches out its length just below the keep, a great oblong, cut up with walled terraces and geometrical beds, and dotted with round evergreens. There are large kitchen-gardens, too, whose fame is to be found in journals of horticulture, but they are further from the house. The gardener lives in the ivied tower by the garden-wall.

Down from the ramparts again into the body of the keep; then six steps down from the wooden door in the flint-walled entry, and five steps up, with a turn to the left, and we are on a little platform, with walls breast-high, very worthy of note.

For here, in the olden time, the warder kept his watch by day and night. Just to the right of the five steps we mounted is his seat, an arm-chair, so to call it, of solid wall, with an opening in the parapet before it through which he overlooked the great quadrangle; and to the left is a longer seat—six feet by three, perhaps, at a rough guess—which was his bed. He had no canopy but the sky, and his little half-walled chamber no carpet but the level stones; but surely no room had ever lovelier view through its two windows—if so we may call the openings in his parapet, before bed and chair.

As he sat in that stone arm-chair, of a summer afternoon, he saw just under him, on his right hand, the brick-paved,



INTERIOR OF KEEP.

low-walled passage that leads down from the keep to the first tower, whence the gate-tower and a turret project. Over this passage he saw a narrow strip of the town, and beyond only a clear plain of grass, scarcely broken except by trees here and there; and, quite away to the right—over the outer entrance-tower—the winding line of the little Arun going out to sea, with one windmill standing sentry beside it.

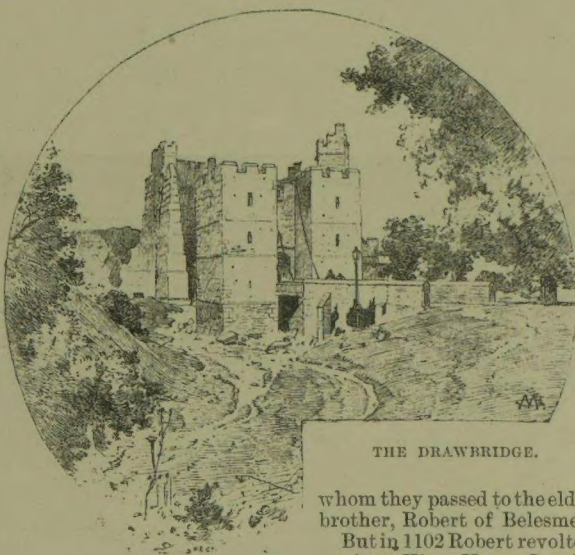
The great quadrangle was straight below him, the left side shining in the afternoon sun, the right, with jutting buttresses of the chapel and a tower above, dark in the shadow. Until quite lately there was a beautiful plot of greensward in the midst of the quadrangle; but while these long rebuildings go on it is and must be bare, except for the blocks of stone ranged here and there—which in some vague way bring to mind the ruined Forum at Rome.

When the night came, and the warder moved across his little platform, and stretched upon his bed (where, indeed, was small stretching-room—which goes against the Giant Bevis story), then what a view he had! The stars shone out on the wide campaign to his left, which had been hidden from him as he sat at his day-post; the sun rose upon that lovely plain, with brooks shining like silver across it, dotted lines of trees here and there, and straight over the northern tower a mass of dark wood. Behind this a great hillside slopes slowly up, with a huge field of yellow-brown and a green field next it, cut sharply off as on a map. Midway, a white house or two stands out; and nowadays there rolls often by a beauty never seen of old, a long cloud of white in the day, underlit with gleaming fire by night, as a little train goes past.

Even the soldierly old gentleman who now keeps watch and ward at Arundel has seen great changes in the castle in his time. But the mind goes farther back, and thinks of what things must have passed within eyeshot of that lovely seat. There is a romance, just now much read, of which the heroine is a mystic woman who has seen scores of centuries come and go. If, in like fashion, the giant warder Sir Bevis had sat here a clear thousand years—as since the time of Alfred there has been a stronghold for him to guard—what things would he have seen, while, as the watchman of Æschylus—

Resting like a hound
He marked the assembly of the stars of night
And those bright Powers that to mortals bring
Winter and summer, shedding through the sky
Their radiance.

His first master—the first of whom we have record—would have been Roger De Montgomery, who led the central body of Breton and other auxiliaries in the Norman army at Hastings. To him the Conqueror gave the Earldoms of Shrewsbury and Arundel; and to form the "Honour" of Arundel, two of the six "Rapes" into which Sussex is divided were taken. These contained eighty-four knights' fees and a half, or 57,640 acres; and this great estate Roger left to his younger son Hugh, from



THE DRAWBRIDGE.

whom they passed to the elder brother, Robert of Belesme.

But in 1102 Robert revolted against King Henry I., who deprived him of Arundel—though not by taking the castle, which completely defied the King's forces throughout a siege of three months. Henry left Arundel in dower to his widow, Queen Adeliza, and by her second marriage to William De Albini, that gentleman inherited both castle and title—which, indeed, the ownership of the castle carried with it. De Albini was the typical handsome, dashing, semi-legendary hero; he was said, like Richard I., to have torn out a lion's heart in single combat.

Shortly after this marriage, the warder must have had a very busy time. Adeliza received as her guest the Empress Maud, then struggling for the crown of England with Stephen, who promptly besieged her and Arundel. Adeliza chivalrously declared that she would, if need were, protect her guest, though she had received her only as her own friend, not as the King's enemy; and Stephen, as chivalrously, allowed the Empress to retire to Bristol.

The De Albinis were masters of Arundel for a century; then, in 1243, Earl Hugh De Albini died without issue, and the title and estate passed to his nephew, John Fitzalan. For three hundred years a Fitzalan ruled here; but in 1580 only a daughter was left to represent the house—Mary Fitzalan, by whose marriage with the fourth Duke of Norfolk, Arundel passed to the family of the Howards. To finish the history of its ownership, Arundel Castle is now the chief seat of Henry Fitzalan Howard, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk and thirty-sixth Earl of Arundel, premier Duke and Earl, Hereditary Earl-Marshal and Chief Butler of England.

The sieges of Arundel did not finish with King Stephen's; during the Parliamentary war, indeed, it was twice taken in a month. In December, 1643, Lord Hopton seized it for the King, after a brief struggle of three days, fortified, victualled, and garrisoned it; and in about a fortnight the Parliamentary General "sat down," as the phrase went, before the castle—to be exact, it was on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 19—and retook it from the Royalists in seventeen days. Among its garrison was found Chillingworth, invariably known as "the controversialist," who died of the hardships he had undergone. He is said to have designed plans for the defence on the system of the Romans; but these would probably not allow for the use of artillery.

The Puritan cannon had indeed played with deadly effect on the castle, especially from the steeple of the church close by; it was in this way only, it is said, that the inner tower was reduced. Arundel was left in ruins; and so stood till 1720, almost deserted. Then the eighth Duke of Norfolk partly repaired it, and in 1791 the tenth Duke began a complete rebuilding; since which time its history has been a peaceful but very busy chronicle of bricks and mortar—or rather of stone and cement—which is not as yet anywhere near its close. Though he need no longer watch for mail-clad enemies, that warder has to keep his eyes open, as year after year the place is filled with workmen.

The rebuilding of 1791 was carried out according to the Duke's own plans, and with rather a mixture of styles of architecture; and this is no doubt one reason why it is now purposed to pull down and rebuild the private chapel in the south-west side, and nearly all of the south-eastern side, except its outer front.

This south-east side is the most richly decorated of the quadrangle. In the middle of it stands the chief doorway, a deep Norman arch, profusely ornamented, with a wide balcony above it, in front of a great triple-pointed window. Over this window are carved the Howard arms, and on each side of it is a colossal statue: Hospitality on the one side, and Liberty on the other. Through the deep doorway, beneath these statues, we pass into a small entrance-hall, to which descends a curving double staircase. This has very fine mahogany architraves, railings of polished brass, and, at the top, graceful arches of light stone.

The first flight of stairs brings one to a long, dim corridor, rich with gilding and crimson and mahogany. The profusion with which this costly wood has been used is one of the notable features of Arundel; the tenth Duke is said to have bought a large ship-load of it, which proved to be some of the finest ever brought into England. Some of the rooms have even ceilings of carved mahogany.

From the very entrance hall, where stand great vases of a gleaming brown, rare and valuable objects of art are seen throughout all the castle; but a bare catalogue of these would take up more room than can be given—and would be extremely uninteresting besides.

At the right-hand end of the gallery, we turn to the Great Hall, built to commemorate the sixcentenary of Runnymede, and opened with great festivities by the Duke Charles in 1815. A large stained-glass window, representing the signing of Magna Charta—in which the chief figure, Lord Fitzwalter, was a portrait of the Duke—gave the room its name of the Barons' Hall.

Beyond is the chapel—white, lofty, and very cold—much too large for a private chapel, and now unused and to be rebuilt. It contains a beautiful effigy, in white marble, of the late Duke: with a keen, refined, rather Southern type of face, one would say.

The dining-room, a dark, stately chamber, hung with old religious pictures, is now used as a chapel; and I gather from the very full "History of Arundel," published some half-century ago by Father Tierney, that the castle chapel was originally on this spot.

With the dining-room thus converted, the drawing-room is, in its turn, used as dining-room. It is very bright and handsome, with windows whose borders are of stained glass, standing back in deep recesses. A great fireplace of white stone is its most striking feature. This stands out, with its front supported by rich pillars; and above its line of brightly-coloured shields slopes back a lofty projection, in front of which is a large coat of the Norfolk arms, with the lion and horse as supporters. Of this style are the fire-places in others of the chief rooms.

Some of the most interesting of the family portraits are in this drawing-room. The Arundel collection is not a very large one, but has a good proportion of works by great masters, and of the highest historical interest. Among these are Holbein's portraits of the fourth Duke of Norfolk, and of Christine, the daughter of the King of Denmark, painted to give Henry VIII. an opportunity of judging whether he would do well to offer that lady—whom he had never seen—a place in the long list of his wives. There are several fine Vandykes, too; and a notable picture of the poet Earl of Surrey, whom Henry VIII. beheaded—a striking figure, all in black.

The library is a very long room—117 ft. by 35 ft.—a great cruciform corridor, so to speak. Its warm prevailing colour of a red-brown is due mainly to the mahogany, used here even more lavishly than elsewhere. "The whole of the walls, galleries, pillars, and fan-tracery ceiling of this noble room are composed of the richest mahogany, wrought in the most exquisite style of architectural carving, and ornaments of fruit and flowers," says Parry, who wrote a chatty book about the coast of Sussex in 1833. "The floor above is of oak, and the linings of some of the closets of cedar."

A curious old custom of Arundel, which came no doubt from the Duke of Norfolk's position as Earl Marshal, was the naming of each room after some officer of the College of Heralds—as Garter, Clarenceux, Bluemantle, and Rouge Dragon. And everywhere one is conscious of the fact that one is in a castle—not in an ordinary mansion, however grand, that had been originally built for the purposes of peace. Up stairs, perhaps, going along the corridors, with their arrow-slits for windows, this is even more evident than below; and nowhere does one feel it more than in the Duchess's own sitting-room, a large upper chamber, whose ribbed ceiling of wood and walls of almost plain white are, while singularly striking and picturesque, quite unlike those of the ordinary boudoir—quite of the feudal spirit, one might say; not at all of the modern Parisian.

Space does not permit me to say more of the castle and its beauties; nor, alas! anything of the old college buildings at its gates, now used as a convent, whose black-robed nuns move quietly about the town; nor even of the fine old Church of St. Nicholas, standing back on the right hand as you go up the hill, nor the beautiful new one which almost faces it. This last, the Catholic Church of St. Philip Neri, was built entirely by the present Duke; its interior, especially, is exquisitely light and graceful—a glory to modern English architecture.

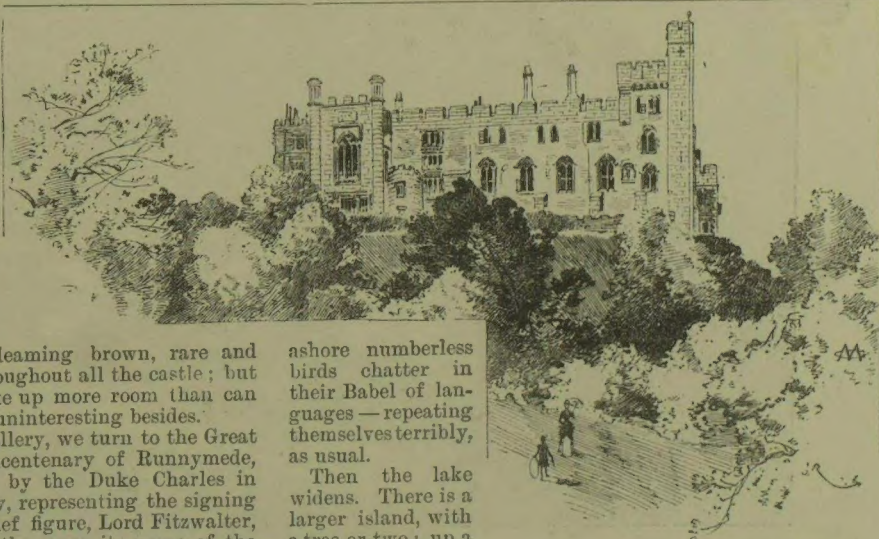
Last to be seen, and long to be remembered, by the tourist of Arundel, is the Great Park, or as much of it as he may have time to wander through. Still going along the high-road—and leaving to the left a little mound, whence from amid tall trees one may look down into the sunset across a woody valley, with a woody hill beyond—in a minute or two one comes to the park-gate, through which all may freely pass.

A road, lying low between trees, goes past a little tower on the right to a high open space, where stands apart, girt with a low stone wall, Hiorne's Tower: a curious three-cornered building, with a turret at each angle. This serves as a landmark—turning off to the right just before you reach it, you find a pathway which leads to a delightful walk along the hillside and by the lake, and so back round the castle and to the town, in perhaps an hour's easy stroll.

A shorter way is to go straight down about as steep a hill as you would find to the end of the lake, which lies immediately below you as you leave Hiorne's Tower—a narrow water, deep down among the trees, surely the first to freeze in winter, the last to warm in the summer sun.

It is curious how instantly one notices the difference between this lake and the artificial sheets of water which "Capability Brown" and such ingenious landscape gardeners have planned in others of the great parks. Swanbourne Lake, as it is called, can trace its history to Domesday, at all events, and has probably shrunk with age, instead of being "improved" into existence. It is of entirely irregular shape, long and straggling; its banks are rough and rushy, and do not present a trim outline to the smooth water; and one notices that it lies much lower than most artificial lakes.

At this its farther end it is very narrow, and a little island covered with evergreens soon breaks the line of its cold, steel-grey water. Wandering valleys run down to it, beautifully red with fallen leaves, if one's visit is in the winter; the whole park rises and falls in constant hills and valleys. A green road runs along the ledge by the lakeside, opposite the bare-boughed woods and their deep purple-brown background on the steeper shore. The swans gleam white, and



VIEW FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

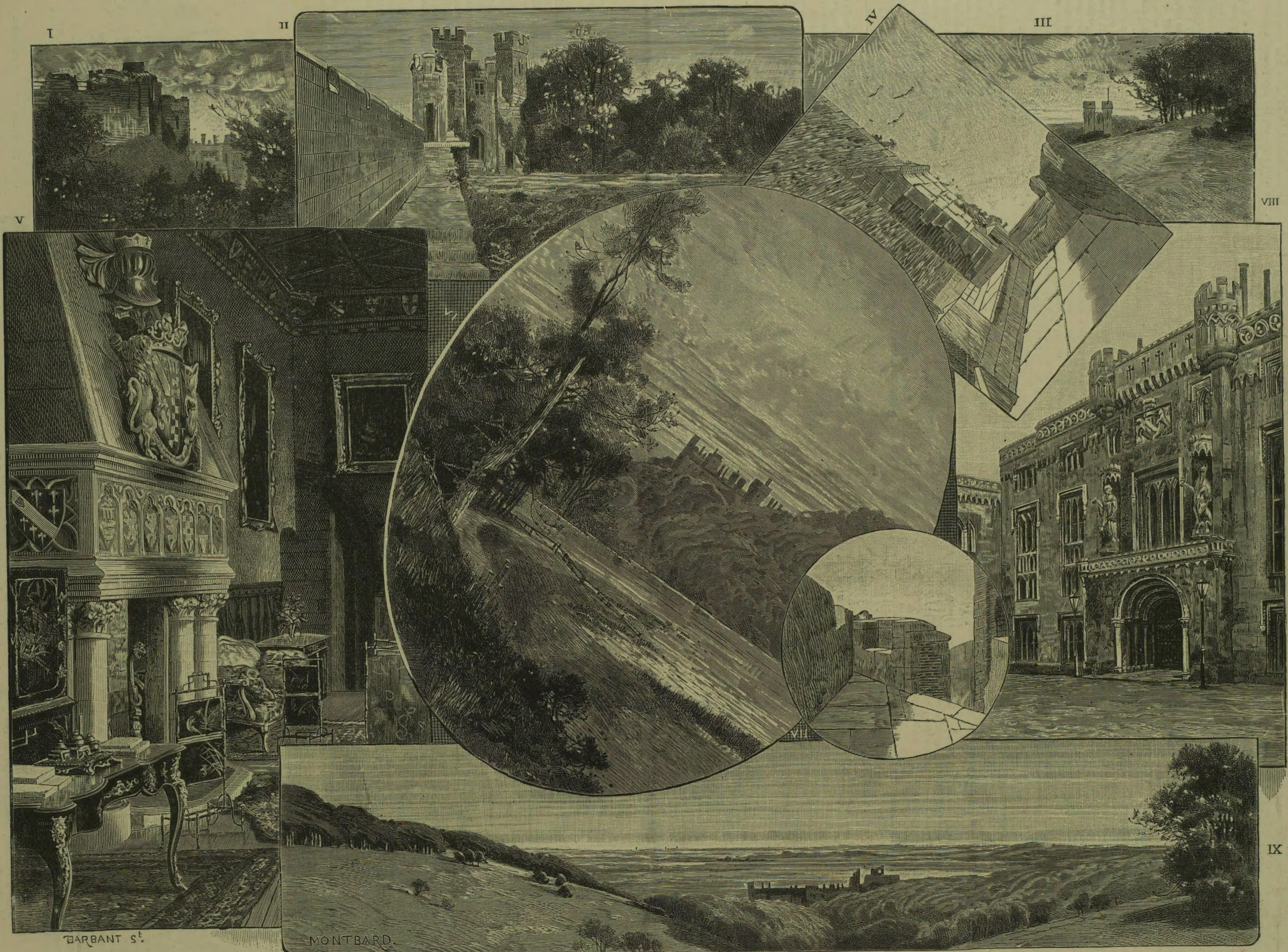
ashore numberless birds chatter in their Babel of languages—repeating themselves terribly, as usual.

Then the lake widens. There is a larger island, with a tree or two; up a kind of creek a black boat-house is seen above the pale brown reeds; and then one has the loveliest view of the long broken line of castle, with turret and parapet, in a soft inky colour against the evening sky.

The road turns, and we go out through the lodge-gates, and back, along a narrow stone-walled road, round the park into the town of Arundel—passing on our way the last sight to be seen: the dairy, somewhat grey and stern of aspect, which stands just where was once an ancient watermill, famous for its beauty.

EDWARD ROSE.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. X. ARUNDEL CASTLE.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, APRIL 9, 1887.—423

I. The Keep from Private Gardens.
II. The Entrance Gate from the Interior.

III. In the Park.
IV. The Warder's Bed.

V. The Drawing-room.
VI. General View from the Lake.

VII. Warder's Seat on the battlements.
VIII. Entrance Door inside the Courtyard.

IX. General View from the top of the hills,
with sea in the distance.